EXCLUSIVE: BASEBALL POLL

The Big-Leaguers Voice Their Views

NFL PRESEASON SPECIAL: Inside the Training Camps

SPORT

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JULY
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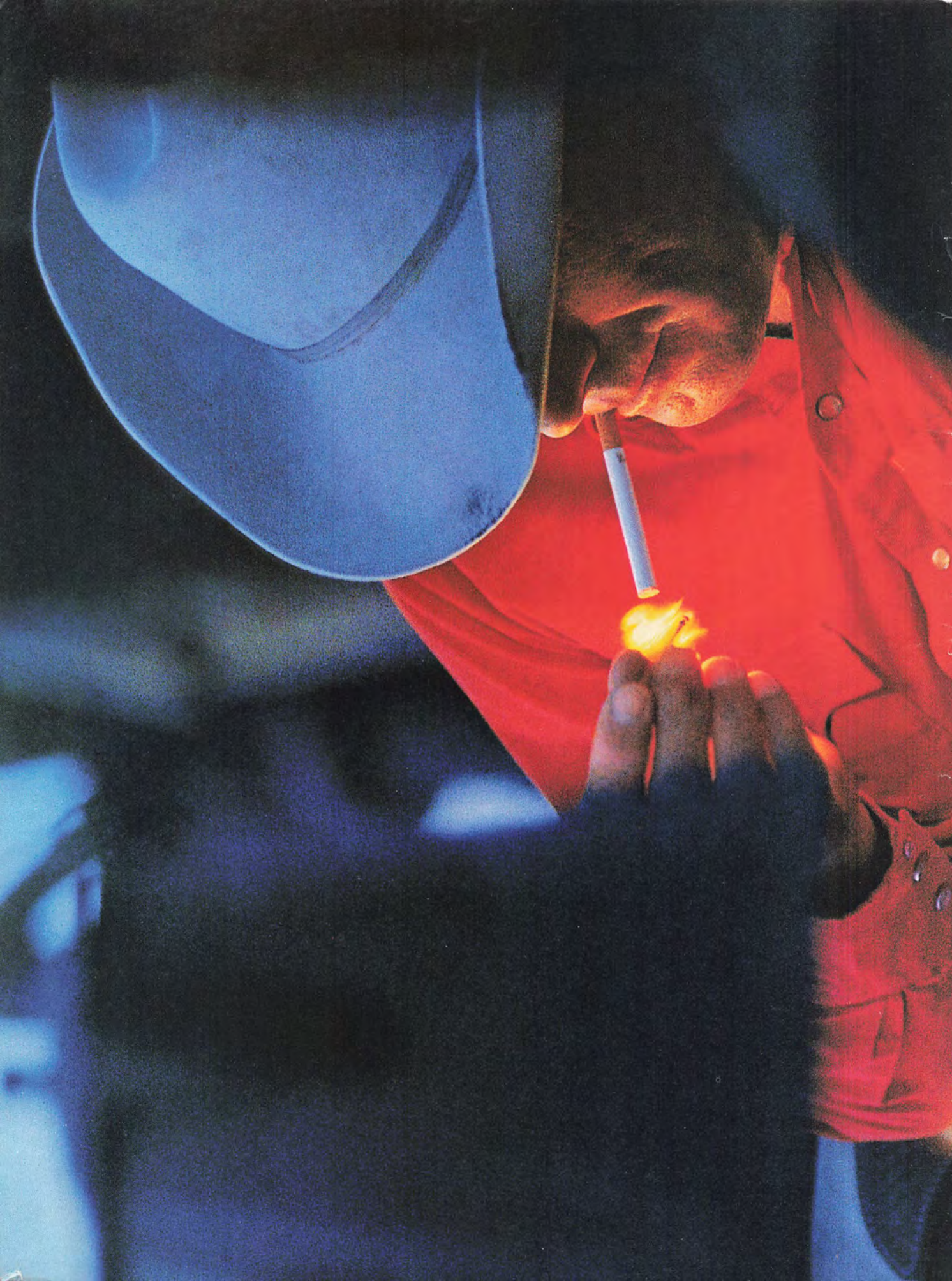
The Future Is Now For Troy Aikman and The Cowboys

KEVIN MITCHELL:

The Turbulent World of Seattle's New Slugger

NBA DRAFT PREVIEW



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SPORT

JULY 1992

THE 1992 SPORT NFL TRAINING CAMP SPECIAL

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DALLAS COWBOYS BY JONATHAN DANIEL / ALLSPORT USA. **KEVIN MITCHELL** BY OTTO GREULE JR. / ALLSPORT USA. **TODD DAY** BY BOB ROSATO. **RIDDICK BOWE** BY WILL HART

SPORT MAIL

McGWIRE PRO & CON

I was very displeased when I saw what you had to say in your May SPORT Talk section about my favorite player, Mark McGwire (pictured). You say that he has problems hitting the ball just about everywhere. Yet he hit .453 during spring training. Are you guys sure you know what you're talking about?

Lance Enfinger
Okeechobee, Florida

I really enjoyed reading your analysis of Mark McGwire's hitting problems. I've heard his excuses before and accepted them. Now I'm beginning to wonder if he's just lost it.

Bruce Thomas
Plymouth, Massachusetts

OTTO GREULE/ALL SPORT USA

WLAF-ING MATTER

Get real! Who would even think about betting on a game in a league as low and lame as the World League of American Football ("No WLAF-ing Matter," May). The people in this league are nothing but second-rate players who couldn't cut the NFL. I'd be surprised if anyone bet on the WLAF, let alone made any money at it.

Bob Jackson
Raleigh, North Carolina

TEXAS TERRIFIC

Your recent article on the Rangers' best bashers was great ("Texas Terror," May). The franchise has finally reached the level of the better teams in baseball. I do have a problem with Ruben Sierra though. He obviously doesn't care about the team as a whole or its future direction. He seems concerned most of all with his own personal status. It's sad because Sierra is such a talented player. Maybe he should take some lessons from Mr. Class himself, Nolan Ryan. Sierra could learn quite a bit.

Kenneth Snover
Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania

TIM TERRIFIC

Thanks for the wonderful article about Tim Hardaway ("Steppin' Out," May). I am a fanatical Warriors booster, and I really enjoyed the article. Now with Magic away from the game, Tim is the best point guard in the NBA.

Ryan Bahe
Hampshire, Illinois

ROAD BLOCK SHOCKERS

Your pictorial in the May issue was excellent ("Road Block"). You showed the usually unseen collisions at home plate, offering graphic proof of how tough baseball can be. The still shots really reveal the true force of these impacts and the physical contortions and distortions that results.

Wayne D. Sarrow
Metuchen, New Jersey

TWINSULT

What's wrong with you people? You just won't give Minnesota the respect it deserves ("American League West," April). How could you place the 1991 World Series champions fifth in their division? And you choose the White Sox for first? You were wrong about the Twins last year, and you'll be wrong again this year. The White Sox are too inexperienced to hold a first-place position. Maybe next year you'll find a scout who can pick a winner.

Dan Mandernach
Palos Park, Illinois

FORMULA NONE

The story you ran about Formula One racing really disappointed me (SPORT Talk, April). It's the most sophisticated form of auto racing there is, and it's a shame that the people of Arizona aren't interested in it and that American drivers don't participate.

Rich Matheson
Deerfield, Wisconsin

JUSTICE DESSERTS

Usually, I'm sympathetic to people's feelings. But when it comes to David Justice ("Lone Justice," April), I can only say, "Sorry, Dave." Baseball fans don't care if you're in your third season or 30th. With all the competition in baseball, they expect nothing but the best. In the real world, you're only as good as your last game. So stop dwelling on the past. You were chosen Rookie of the Year and should be satisfied with that. Stop worrying about the other stuff, and get on with your life.

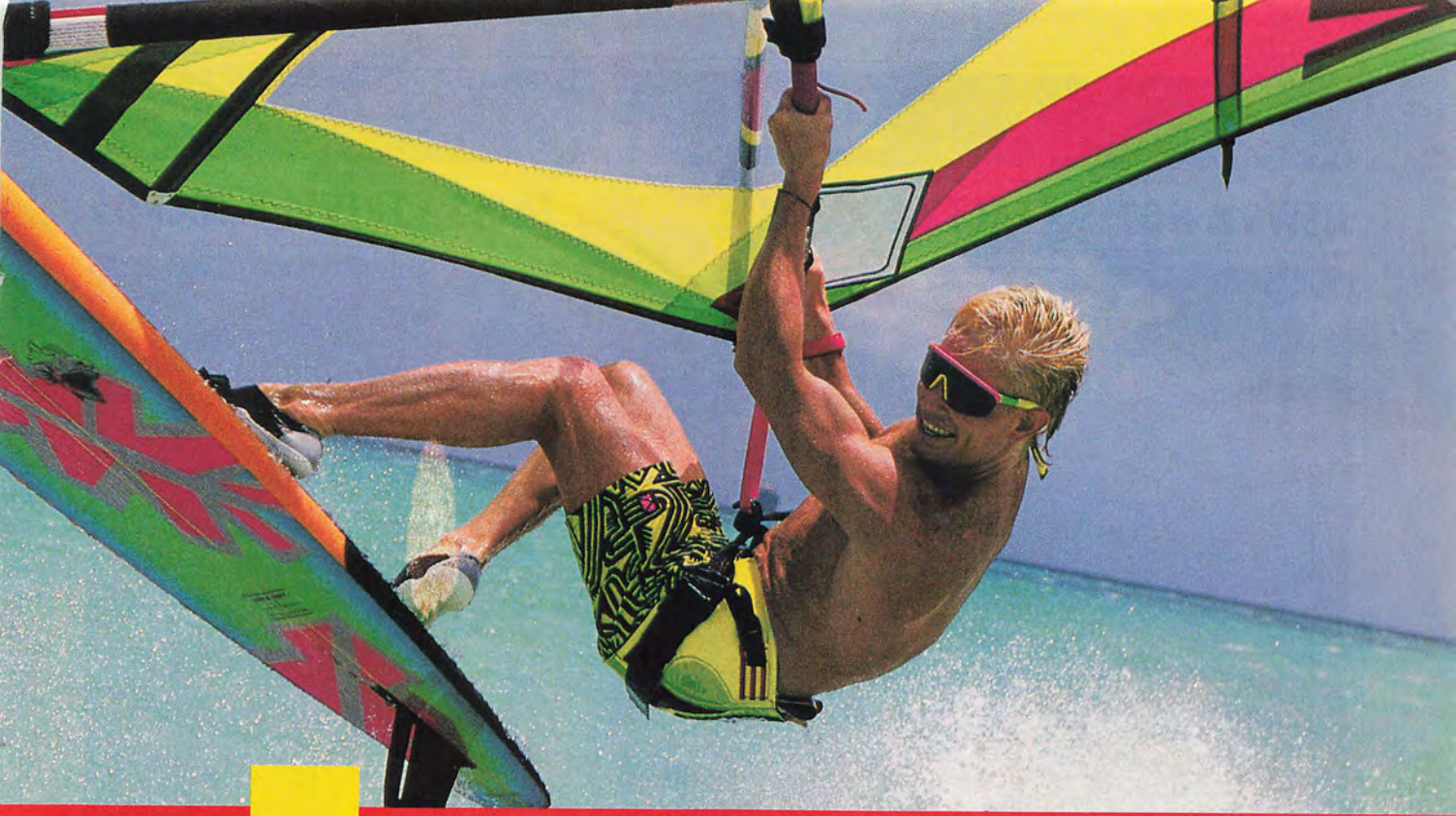
Kathy Del Russo
North Arlington, New Jersey

BASEBALL PROBLEMS

Kudos to SPORT for addressing the problems facing baseball today ("The State of the Game," March). Every time I hear about pay raises players are receiving, I seriously question where Major League Baseball is heading. Personally, baseball has always been my favorite sport. So let me send a message to baseball: I don't want to quit going to games, but you may leave me with no choice.

Brian Kobs
Marshfield, Wisconsin

Argue with us, applaud us, advise us. Address your letters to SPORT Mail, 8490 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90069.



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SPORT ARCHIVE

THE RETURN OF CURT FLOOD

It's been more than two decades since Curt Flood last set foot in Busch Stadium, and his return visit this month will undoubtedly release a torrent of memories, good and bad. The man who made free agency possible is returning with 70 or so members of the Cardinals' past to celebrate the franchise's centennial on June 11.

He last left the ballpark at the end of the 1969 season, a disappointing year in the wake of a World Series win in '67 and a Series appearance in '68. Without warning, he was traded to Philadelphia on October 7, 1969, after spending 12 years in St. Louis, during which he hit over .300 in seven seasons and won seven Gold Gloves.

He doesn't like to talk about the unkind treatment anymore, but most revealing is a comment he once made about the situation: "If I'd been a foot-shuffling porter, they might at least have given me a pocket watch."

Even so, he didn't want to leave St. Louis, and he challenged the reserve clause that restricted baseball players' choices. He ultimately lost his case in the Supreme Court, but he made his point. The litigation he initiated against Major League Baseball in January 1970, gave players the right to file grievances with an impartial arbitrator.

Catfish Hunter of the Oakland A's was the first landmark beneficiary of incipient free agency. An arbitrator voided his contract in December 1974, and his salary jumped from $100,000 to $3.75 million over five years when he signed with the Yankees before the '75 season.

And Curt Flood? He attempted a comeback with the Washington Senators in 1971 but left after 13 games. Now he's an artist in Los Angeles. His maximum salary in baseball was $110,000 per annum; his professional descendants now typically earn millions as a result of his courageous rebellion.

—TM

ROBERT MYERS

THE LASTING WLAF?

The World League of American Football has finished its second regular season, and playoffs begin in June. But the World Football League bombed in the '70s, and the United States Football League sunk in the '80s. To find out what makes this '90s version different, we spoke with Reggie Williams, former linebacker with the Cincinnati Bengals and current GM of the New York/New Jersey Knights.

"The backing of the NFL is the most important [distinction between the WLAF and past failures]" says Williams. There are a wealth of resources and individuals that the NFL brings to the business. The other [distinction]... the sport is being internationally well-received. The player has an opportunity to play the sport he loves and to hone his skills. The fan is seeing players who are not playing for greed, but because they love the sport.

"The average NFL player is not significantly better.... What the World League has is many players who were good enough to be on NFL rosters but fell to the numbers game. There are hundreds of new NFL wanna-bes every year; that's the present system...

"If American fans would enjoy the sport for what it is and quit trying to compare it to the NFL, they'd have a phenomenal appreciation for it. I considered our first year a success primarily because, in spite of a war, in spite of a recession, we played the season, and we crowned a champion. My only regret is that the champion wasn't the Knights."

Steve Gordon

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EXCLUSIVE Q&A WITH SUPER BOWL MVP MARK RYPIEN

NEXT MONTH IN
SPORT

THE U.S. OPEN STILL OPEN

It seemed like a good idea at the time. The United States Golf Association didn't anticipate any trouble when, in 1986, it awarded the 1992 U.S. Open golf tournament to the Pebble Beach Resort in Carmel, California. But last June, it was sold to Japanese tycoon Minoru Isutani. And all hell broke loose at USGA headquarters. No, it wasn't xenophobia, though such rumors surfaced. There was a problem with *this* Japanese though.

Isutani wanted Deane Beman, commissioner of the PGA Tour, to run Pebble Beach. The USGA was faced with golf's equivalent of finding your wife in bed with your best friend. Beman, though respected, stands for everything the U.S. Open isn't, especially commercialization.

While USGA Executive Director David Fay notes that his organization and the PGA Tour have a good relationship, he says, "We tend to stay off each other's turf." Those other guys were going to be all over USGA turf.

Besides the "Deane Beman" issue, there was Isutani's plan to recoup his $840 million purchase price by creating million-dollar private memberships at Pebble Beach.

That idea was nixed by the California Coastal Commission. Isutani then scrambled to dump the land, which had the USGA wondering if the next owners would mismanage the property, possibly embarrassing the U.S. Open.

Publicly, USGA officials said nothing about the conundrum, and Fay denies that there was any dissatisfaction with Isutani's ownership or Deane Beman's involvement.Even so the USGA developed emergency contingency plans for moving the site from Pebble Beach. According to Fay, the motivation was the possibility that "the owners didn't take care of the land," and he admits those plans could have been perceived as anti-Japanese.

Apparently, the plans were just anti-Isutani.

The problems evaporated earlier this year when the resort complex was sold to different Japanese owners for $300 million less than Isutani paid.

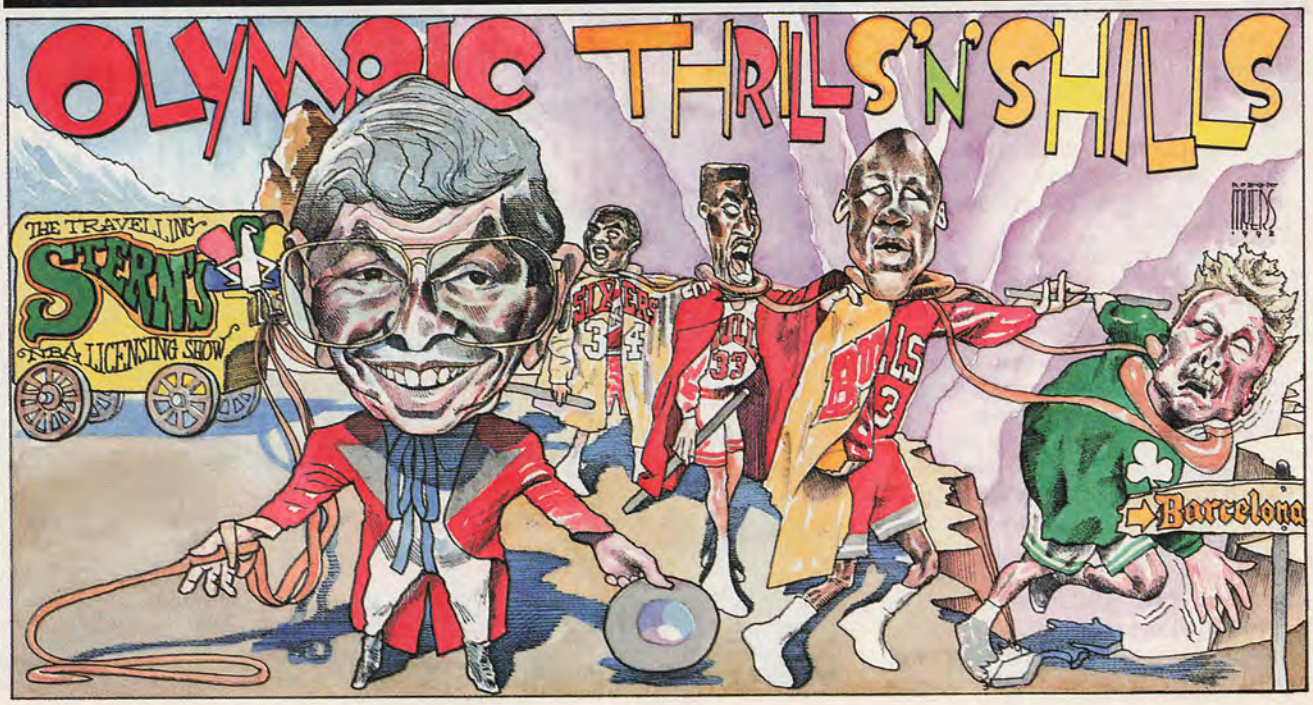
The course is now said to be in better shape than ever, and the USGA is happy again. Says David Fay: "The ownership may be Japanese, but the course is All-American."

—Mat Edelson

DAVID CANNON/ALLSPORT USA

ON THE SIDELINE

by Robert Myers



KING KENNY

May was a busy month for Kenny Bernstein, and, while the worst is over, he's still facing a killer calendar. The most ubiquitous car owner in American racing, Bernstein and his teams had a date with the Indy 500 on May 24 and NASCAR's Coca-Cola 600 the same day in Charlotte. Following those events—the toughest on the American auto racing calendar—his NASCAR campaign took off for Dover, Delaware, and another 500-miler. Then, on successive weekends in June, come cross-country forays to Sears Point, California, Pocono, Pennsylvania, and Brooklyn, Michigan. Meanwhile, he'll be in Columbus, Ohio, from June11 to June 14, driving a Top-Fuel dragster at the Springnationals.

If anyone can claim to be a Renaissance Motorsports maven, it's Bernstein. He's a masterful deal maker who claims one of the longest sponsor relationships in racing and a brilliant organizer who keeps cars traveling and racing around the United States at the highest levels. Though Bernstein's Indy-car challenge this year was an abbreviated effort, with driver Roberto Guerrero scheduled for just a few races, Guerrero set new speed records at the Indianapolis Speedway in pre-race testing when his Buick-Lola registered 230-mph runs.

All of this supervisory activity would be enough for most people, but Bernstein, 48, ices the cake with his own magnificent drives. His drag racing team finished second in points last season, and on March 20, he made drag racing history when he qualified for the Motorcraft Gatornationals with a 301.7-mph run in the quarter-mile. It was the first time anyone had broken the elusive 300-mph barrier, and, as Bernstein said beforehand, it's "certainly nothing we'll ever see from an Indy car or stock car." That probably explains why King Kenny drives dragsters.

—Jon Asher

JON ASHER

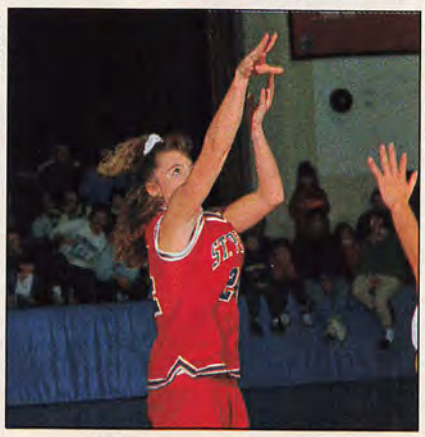
LIKE FATHER, LIKE DAUGHTER...AND THEN SOME

The picture to the right looks completely unremarkable. A girl shooting a basket. But that doesn't begin to do justice to the story.

Kristen Somogyi, a 5-foot-4 guard, is now preparing for her freshman year at the University of Virginia. She already boasts an impressive set of athletic accomplishments, however. The three-pointer she's shooting in that picture is most significant; it propelled her into New Jersey basketball history. That shot broke the 24-year-old New Jersey high school career-scoring record of 3,310 points. Even better, the record she would shatter was held by John Somogyi, her father, who also attended St. Peter's High in New Brunswick. By the time the season was over, she'd led St. Peter's to a 32-0 season and a state championship, and she finished her high school career with 3,899 points, an average of 33.1 points per game.

—Darryl Howerton

JIM GIVAS



MARK D. PLANCHETT

EXCESS SUCCESS

Born in Austria some 49 years ago, Barbara Alvarez and Angelika Castaneda are probably the toughest twins in the world. In May, they were off to France for a triathlon consisting of a 7.5-mile swim, 336-mile bike ride and 78-mile run. In June, they intended to enter a 100-mile cross-country foot race through the Sierra Nevada Mountains in California. July? They were scheduled for a 600-mile run in the Australian outback. Imagine their disappointment when they had to change plans due to more pressing commitments and settle for just another measly triathlon in Germany, a mere jaunt consisting of a 2.4-mile swim, 112-mile bike ride and a marathon run.

To hear Barbara tell it, they're lucky to be able to indulge this seeming masochism. "It's a privilege to test our potential," she says. "It gives meaning to our lives."

As to the more conventional aspects of their existence, the La Jolla, California, residents are homemakers and mothers; Barbara is also a psychotherapist and Angelika an artist. They didn't start running until they were 40, but they've run just about everywhere since then. They've completed scores of marathons, but those are mundane affairs compared to the 130-mile race they undertook in the Sahara, or the 146 miles traversed through Death Valley.

"We live a very intense life," says Barbara, in a gigantic understatement. "It's the life we have chosen." Indeed. It certainly doesn't sound accidental.

—TM

OLYMPIC HEROES OF '92
SOCCER TO 'EM

U2 cut the album "Achtung, Baby," but pay attention to the U-23s. No, they aren't an Irish rock band; they comprise the American soccer squad that'll try to score some heavy metal in Barcelona. They're called the U-23s because, while Olympic soccer is open to professionals, they must be under 23, born on or after August 1, 1969. For most soccer players in Barcelona, this will be their first and last Olympiad.

The captain of the Yankee effort is defender Cam Rast (pictured below with ball on head), who led Santa Clara to the NCAA Finals in 1991. Explaining his leading role, he says: "I read the game fairly well. I can prepare and see, and I'm pretty vocal. I'm sort of the coach on the field. If we're not playing well, I understand why."

The U.S. team has been good *and* lucky in recent years. It copped gold at the 1991 Pan Am Games by beating Mexico, and in the 1989 Junior World Cup in Saudi Arabia, the then-U-20s were fourth. "We ended up qualifying as a fluke," Rast says. (The Americans gained entrance into the tournament only after Mexico was banned for using players over 20 years old.)

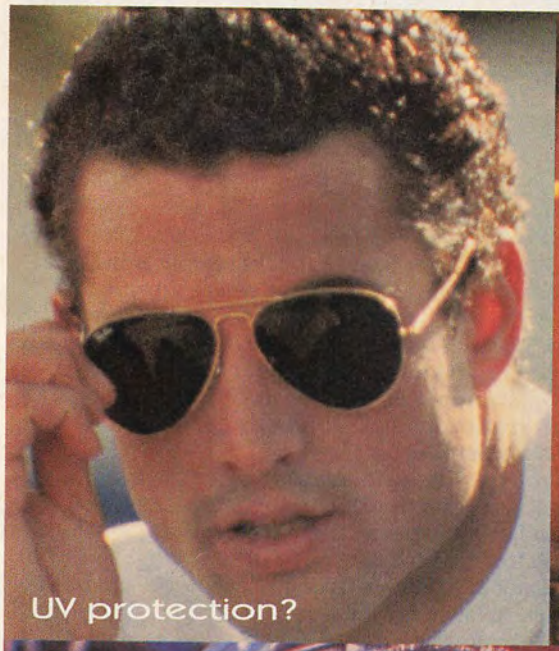
Alas, most Americans still prefer football, a game which Rast thinks "is easy to understand. It has a lot of scoring, a lot of hard hits. With soccer, we only score one, two, three goals a game, but it's a good game."

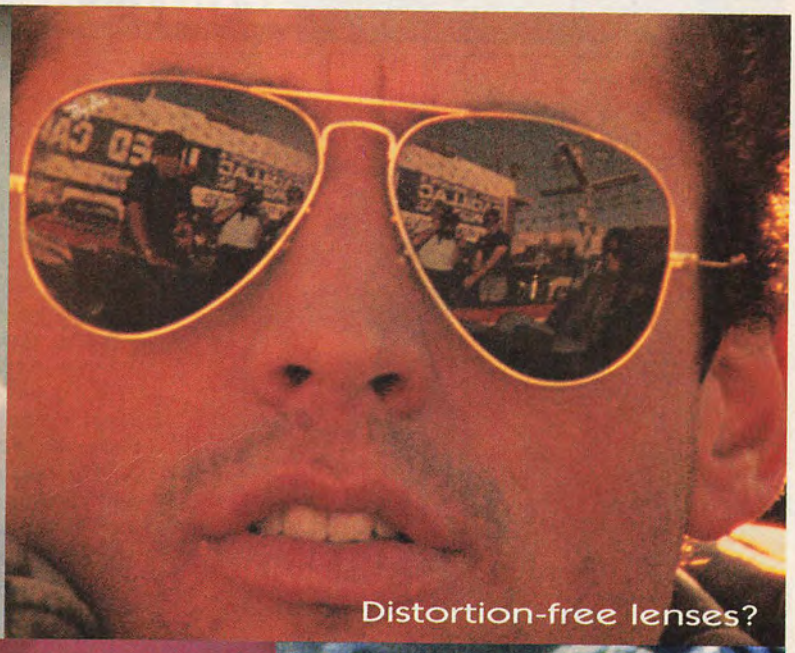
Rast, who can cover 400 meters in 49 seconds, says that soccer "requires quite a bit of athletic ability," more, he suggests, than football. Of that game's players, he asks: "Can they control a ball that's struck at them? Can they pass accurately with their feet? I think soccer's a little more demanding."

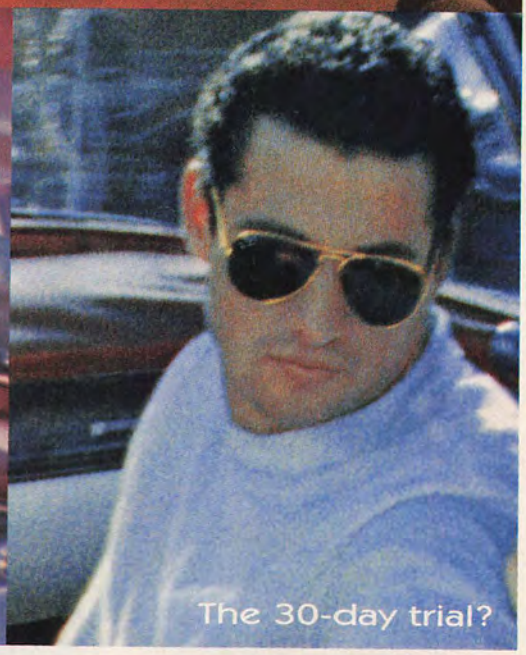
—Peter Gambaccini

JON VAN HOEROOGEN

Why does Olympic swimmer Matt Biondi wear Ray-Ban® sunglasses?







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STEPHEN LEE

THE VICTOR AWARDS

It all started just months after the first Super Bowl, and ever since it's been the one place where the most valuable players of just about any and all sports are recognized. The Victor Awards are now in their 26th year, and on June 20 the best athletes in America and the world will be honored at a ceremony at the Las Vegas Hilton in an event that will be taped for international television distribution.

How do you determine the best athletes? It starts with nominations, and the staff at SPORT Magazine has that mind-bending responsibility. Voting categories range from "The Best Pro Football Player" to "The Best Player in Women's College Basketball," and there are also awards for top coaches, rookies and other notables from the sports world. Ballots are then sent to sportswriters and broadcasters throughout the United States for the final voting.

Former winners comprise a list of all-time sports greats of the 20th century: Joe Louis and Joe DiMaggio, Michael Jordan and Nolan Ryan, Chris Evert and A.J. Foyt, Johnny Weissmuller and Evelyn Ashford. Most remarkable of all, perhaps, is Wayne Gretzky, who scored best-hockey-player honors 10 years in a row.

The Victor Awards were created by David Marmel when he worked for the City of Hope . Funds raised from the awards ceremony and dinner go to the world-renowned medical research and treatment center, even though Marmel is now a full-time event producer.

Reflecting on his 26-year involvement, Marmel says, "Walking in the shadow of greatness—to bask in the glow of these living legends—is a source of great pride and satisfaction.

"There's a parallel," he continues, "in the athletic achievement of goals and the City of Hope's race to find solutions to positively affect the health and welfare of humanity. The fruit of the athlete's success in reaching his goal is epitomized by the Victor Awards, and the Victor Awards assist the City of Hope in reaching its goal." *—T. M.*

SCARE TACTICS

He doesn't have the control of Oakland's Dennis Eckersley or the forkball of California's Bryan Harvey.

Yet Mitch "Wild Thing" Williams of the Phillies, the guy who pitches as if "my hair's on fire," is equally valuable—maybe even more so. At least that's what George Bell of the White Sox says.

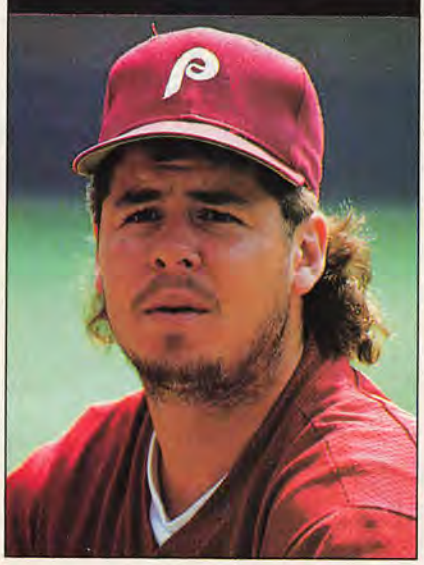
"With guys like Eckersley, you know what's coming; you know the ball's gonna be in or around the strike zone every time," says Bell. "But with Williams, you never know where the ball's going."

And that just might be the greatest weapon a closer can have, even if wild, out-of-control tendencies drive managers and teammates batty.

"Some guys you can dig in against," says Bell. "But you can't dig in against Williams because you never know where he's going to throw the ball. He throws the ball here, there, everywhere, and that's scary. Guys are afraid to face him. He's more intimidating than any closer out there.

"Nothing against Eckerlsey because he's one of the best I've ever seen, but I'd rather face him than Williams."

—Rick Weinberg



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This Month's Dodge SPORT Word Puzzle

B	O	Y	S		A	F	C		B	O	A		A	D	A	M
A	F	O	R		M	A	R		U	M	P		V	I	D	A
L	O	U	I	S	E	R	I	T	T	E	R		A	C	I	D
E	U	R		E	N	E	M	Y		N	I	P		K	O	D
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N	O	N	E		Y	E	N		E	N	E		O	R	S	O

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9-11 correct: Good Fan
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SPORT MAGAZINE

ANSWER THE SPORT STUMPER AND WIN A SPORT PIN. No matter how you do on this month's quiz, we'll send you a SPORT pin (pictured here) if you send us the correct answer to the SPORT Stumper given below. Send only your name, address and age to SPORT Quiz, 8490 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90069. Limit one per person, and all entries must be postmarked by June 15, 1992.

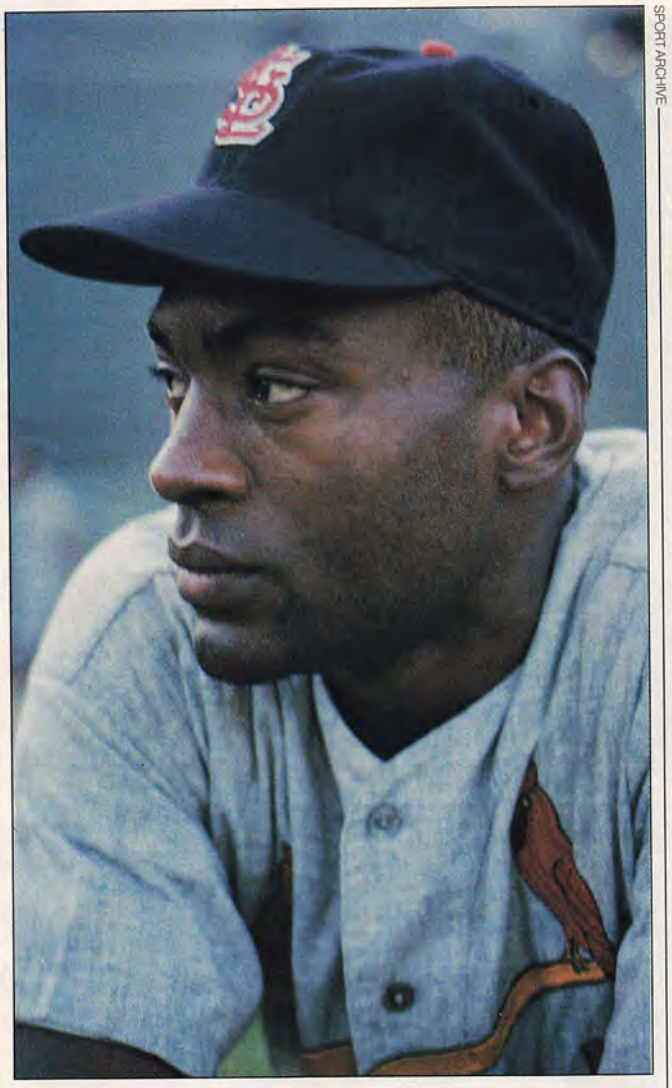
1 During the 1960s, this former first baseman (pictured) won seven gold gloves. Name him.

2 Which pitcher led the National League in shutouts last season?
A. Dennis Martinez
B. Bud Black
C. Ramon Martinez
D. David Cone

3 Name the major-league team that drafted Mickey Tettleton.

4 One NFL receiver caught 100 passes in 1991. Who is he?
A. Haywood Jeffires
B. Drew Hill
C. Michael Irvin
D. Al Toon

5 Which team led the AFC in sacks last season?
A. New York Jets
B. Los Angeles Raiders
C. Houston Oilers
D. Denver Broncos



SPORT ARCHIVE

6 True or False: Chip Lohmiller led the NFL in scoring last year.

7 Which quarterback led NCAA Division I-A schools in touchdown passes last season?
A. Troy Kopp
B. Ty Detmer
C. Elvis Grbac
D. Casey Weldon

8 Curtis Strange is one of six golfers to win consecutive U.S. Open titles. Name the others.

9 In 1987, whom did Pat Cash defeat to win his first Wimbledon title?
A. Bjorn Borg
B. Ivan Lendl
C. John McEnroe
D. Boris Becker

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10 Only one member of the San Diego/Los Angeles Clippers has had the distinction of winning NBA Rookie of the Year honors. Who is he?

11 How many rebounding titles did Kareem Abdul-Jabbar win during his NBA career?

12 In 1991, which player won the Outstanding Designated Hitter Award?
A. Frank Thomas
B. Harold Baines
C. Chili Davis
D. Alvin Davis

13 Name the only pitcher to win four Cy Young awards.

—William Ladson

STUMPER

Who was the last National League pitcher to win 30 games in one season?

JUNE 1992 STUMPER ANSWER

Dave DeBusschere ["Name the youngest head coach in NBA history."]

THIS MONTH'S QUIZ ANSWERS

1. Bill White 2. A (five) 3. Oakland A's 4. A 5. D (52) 6. True 7. A (37) 8. Ben Hogan, Ralph Guldahl, Bobby Jones, John McDermott and Willie Anderson 9. B 10. Terry Cummings (1982-83) 11. One (1975-76) 12. C 13. Steve Carlton

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RIDDICK BOWE

"AFTER I KNOCK OUT EVANDER HOLYFIELD, I'LL BE CHAMPION UNTIL I DECIDE THAT I'VE HAD ENOUGH."

WILL HART

The way Riddick Bowe sees it, he's completely prepared to become heavyweight champion of the world. In between developing into the most versatile boxer-puncher in the division and ripping off a string of Bowe-dacious performances that have run his record to 29-0 with 25 KO's, he's taken time to think out a few important details. His plan for the future is a simple one: Just take life one decade at a time.

"After I knock out Evander Holyfield," the 24-year-old contender says, "I'll be champion until *I* decide that I've had enough.

"How many title defenses did Joe Louis have?" Bowe asks, pointing to a painting of the Brown Bomber that hangs in the living room of Bowe's Fort Washington, Maryland, home. "Twenty-five? Then I'll have 30. When I become champion, I'm going on "The Arsenio Hall Show." I'm gonna ask him if I can be in one of his movies."

Quite a plan. But Bowe knows blueprints. After all, he's unfurled enough of them on his kitchen table in the past few months. From the looks of it, Bowe is trying to revive the sagging construction industry single-handedly. On this chilly afternoon, he gets up from the couch, puts on a black leather Malcolm X jacket and gives me a tour of his house.

See the new satellite dish growing out of the dirt in his backyard? Check out the game room and the basement that's being turned into a gym. Bowe steps into his newly built garage and stares at his week-old $109,000 custom BMW the way that a mother stares at her newborn baby.

"You know what they say," he says. "What separates the men from the boys are the toys."

Though he never made more than $500,000 for a fight, the lid of his toy box is already bulging. Is his extravagance peaking too soon? What will be left to indulge in on that fast-approaching day when the multimillion-dollar paychecks start clearing?

"I figured that out already," he says, pointing to a densely wooded area at the far end of the street. "That's where I'll build my mansion. Bowe Manor."

The fighter, his wife, Judy, and their three children live quite comfortably these days. But for a 6-foot-5, 230-pound guy with Bowe's upbringing, there will never be enough space.

Bowe grew up in Brownsville, one of Brooklyn's bleakest ghettos. It was the kind of neighborhood where opportunity rarely knocked, and anyone else was advised not to either.

"Drug dealers tricked some construction worker into coming into a building across the street," Bowe says, "and they threw him out a sixth-story window. He died."

Bowe lived on the sixth floor of his building, and while no strangers ever went flying out of his window, more than a few came flying in.

"You'd be sleeping, and you'd hear the window open," he says. "Somebody on the roof would be running from the police, so they'd come down the fire escape, climb through our window and then run out our front door."

Bowe and his immediate family left Brooklyn in August of 1990, after his cat was poisoned by jealous neighbors. Bowe has always brought out mixed feelings in people, something he first comprehended while competing as a super heavyweight in the '88 Olympics in Seoul. It was then that the American pub-

BY JEFF RYAN

lic first witnessed his natural cockiness. What the TV viewers saw was a fighter who talked plenty of trash but fought like a guy too lazy to even take out the garbage.

One day during the Games, Bowe was asked by an NBC interviewer what fighter he admired most. He thought about it, looked into the camera and replied, "Me!"

"Bowe knows arrogance" was the response from viewers back home. And when they saw him getting KO'd by Canada's Lennox Lewis in the gold-medal bout, more than a few smiled at the realization—"Bowe doesn't know where he is."

But Bowe also knew heartache during those two weeks in Seoul, and not many people knew that. A month before the Games began, his sister, Brenda, was stabbed to death in Brownsville by a crackhead who wanted to steal her welfare check. Bowe laughed and carried on for the cameras and the reporters in Seoul during the day but would return to the Olympic Village and cry in the darkness of his room every night.

> "People don't think I have the eye of the tiger. But I have a need to know that I'm the best boxer out there. I badly want the heavyweight title."

To hide his pain, he often regaled his teammates with imitations of everyone from Muhammad Ali to Ronald Reagan. When Bowe returned home, however, he was carrying not just his suitcase but also the reputation of being an imitation pro prospect.

The silver medal Bowe earned at Seoul represented failure, and it hung around his neck like an albatross. One promoter likened Bowe to Greg Page, the symbol of that forgettable era of underachieving heavyweights sandwiched between the reigns of Larry Holmes and Mike Tyson. Hearing that, Bowe immediately cut off his long hair and hooked up with manager Rock Newman. The two men then convinced venerable Eddie Futch, the game's premier trainer, to join the team.

The no-nonsense Futch has instilled discipline in Bowe and has sculpted this once-raw talent into a polished professional. Bowe's body is a rock, his right hand has become one of the sport's most devastating weapons, and his jab can dominate fights by itself. The fighter and his trainer believe that he is certain to dismantle Holyfield. They didn't reach that conclusion after seeing journeyman Bert Cooper knock down the champion last November. No, they were convinced as far back as two

WILL HART

years ago.

"Styles make fights, and Holyfield takes a lot of punishment," Bowe says. "When I hit him, I'll get him out of the ring. His camp knows that he can't beat me."

Bowe's natural inclination toward immaturity and silliness is constantly warring with the more sober qualities required of a man aching to be taken seriously. The struggle isn't mere sparring but an all-out bloodletting.

When he fought Elijah Tillery last year, a serious and mature Bowe entered the ring with a picture of a missing boy on his robe and the message, "HELP US FIND MARK," on his trunks. But after KO'ing once-promising Bruce Seldon in one round, a clowning and childish Bowe just couldn't resist imitating his beaten rival.

"I've fallen, and I can't get up!" he yelled into the first microphone he saw.

Cocky? Sure. Confident? You bet. Overconfident? Hold it right there. If Bowe has learned anything from the embarrassing end to his amateur career, it's that someone is always looking to flatten the guy with the biggest mouth and the fattest pile of newspaper clippings.

"I don't take anyone or anything lightly now," he says. "During the Olympics, I thought Lennox Lewis wasn't a good fighter. I thought I didn't have to train because I was that much better than everyone. In the pros, I'm more serious. This is my livelihood."

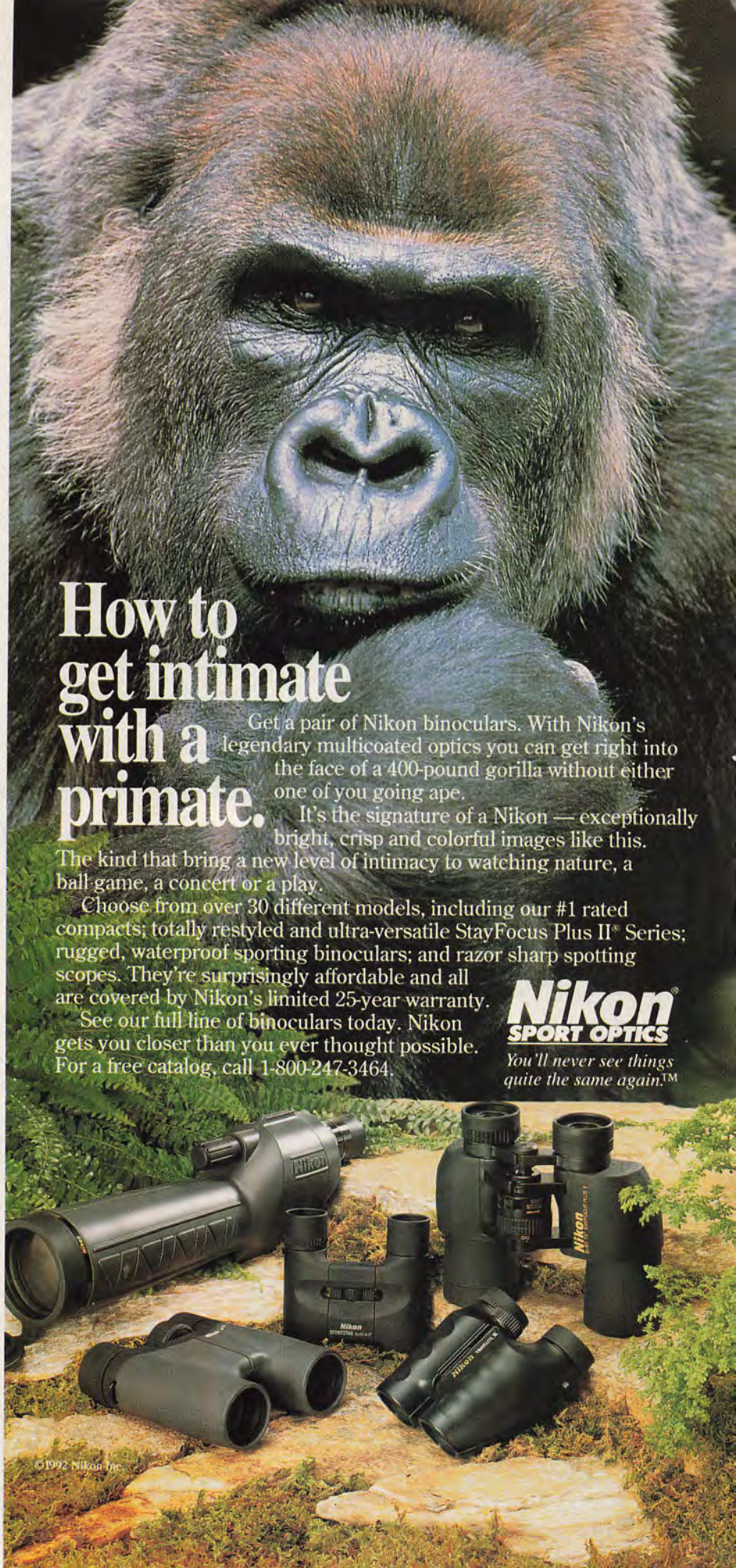
But with all the toys, the recognition that increases with each knockout win and the anointment by much of the media as the next great heavyweight, how does he maintain his desire?

"I get misinterpreted a lot of times," Bowe says. "People don't think I have the eye of the tiger. But I have a need to know that I'm the best boxer out there. I badly want the heavyweight title."

He smiles and sinks back into the couch. Never in his life has he been more relaxed, more comfortable, more sure of himself than he is now. The tragedies no longer haunt him. The Olympic mess no longer taunts him. The strangers no longer climb through the window of his bathroom.

Riddick Bowe is sleeping soundly every night. That can only mean that Holyfield and the rest of the world's heavyweights are not.★

Jeff Ryan is a New York-based free-lance writer.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NFL TRAINING CAMP '92

RIDING HIGH

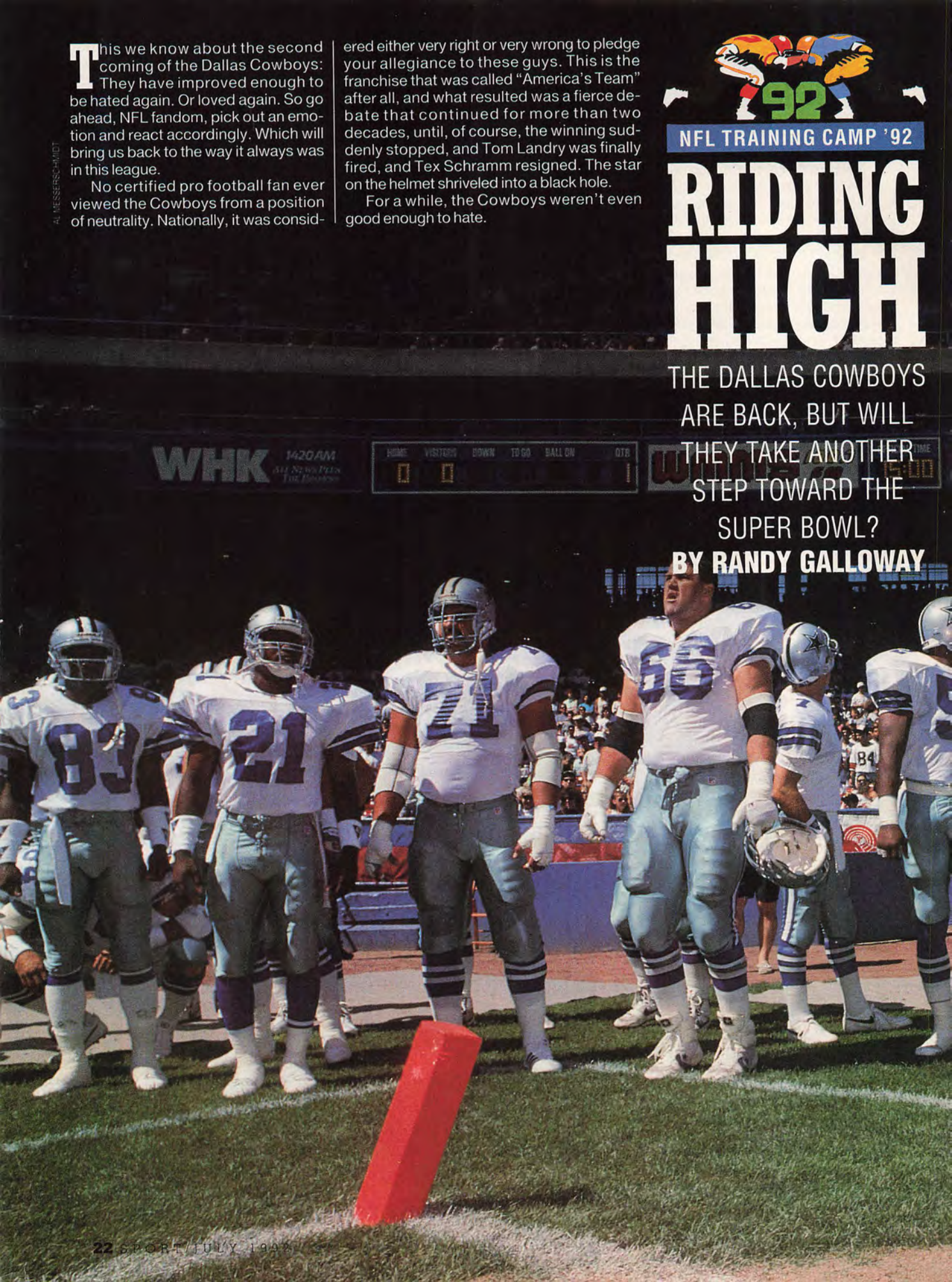
THE DALLAS COWBOYS ARE BACK, BUT WILL THEY TAKE ANOTHER STEP TOWARD THE SUPER BOWL?

BY RANDY GALLOWAY

This we know about the second coming of the Dallas Cowboys: They have improved enough to be hated again. Or loved again. So go ahead, NFL fandom, pick out an emotion and react accordingly. Which will bring us back to the way it always was in this league.

No certified pro football fan ever viewed the Cowboys from a position of neutrality. Nationally, it was considered either very right or very wrong to pledge your allegiance to these guys. This is the franchise that was called "America's Team" after all, and what resulted was a fierce debate that continued for more than two decades, until, of course, the winning suddenly stopped, and Tom Landry was finally fired, and Tex Schramm resigned. The star on the helmet shriveled into a black hole.

For a while, the Cowboys weren't even good enough to hate.



AL MESSERSCHMIDT

Which is why Jimmy Johnson rejoices. His hair even moves when he talks about this latest development involving his team. Here's a coach who grew up in Texas as a dedicated fan of the Cowboys. The restoration project is in his hands, at least on the field. Owner Jerry Jones handles everything else.

Just ask either, and they will tell you the Cowboys are back. Officially.

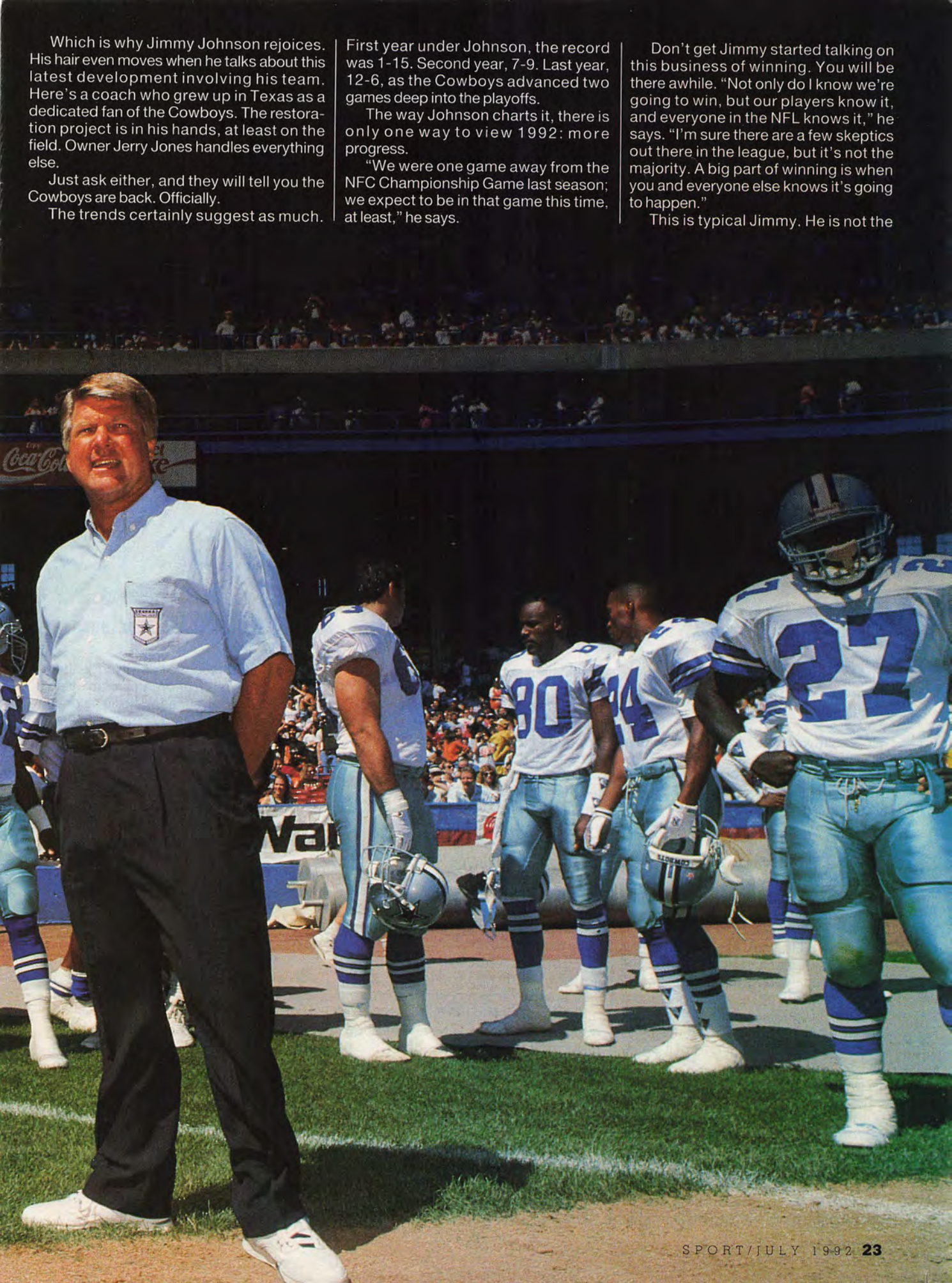
The trends certainly suggest as much. First year under Johnson, the record was 1-15. Second year, 7-9. Last year, 12-6, as the Cowboys advanced two games deep into the playoffs.

The way Johnson charts it, there is only one way to view 1992: more progress.

"We were one game away from the NFC Championship Game last season; we expect to be in that game this time, at least," he says.

Don't get Jimmy started talking on this business of winning. You will be there awhile. "Not only do I know we're going to win, but our players know it, and everyone in the NFL knows it," he says. "I'm sure there are a few skeptics out there in the league, but it's not the majority. A big part of winning is when you and everyone else knows it's going to happen."

This is typical Jimmy. He is not the



RICK STEWART/ALLSPORT USA

Wideout Michael Irvin is a blur to opposing cornerbacks, but that doesn't help Dallas' suspect defense.

type to publicly hide behind yesterday's success. For Johnson, it's always more, more, more.

Let's review the facts. Defensively, this team is not even close to NFC Championship Game-caliber. There is a leaking secondary to be totally rebuilt, a linebacking crew that is thin and nondescript, plus a front four that is young and improved but still lacks a bona fide pass rusher.

Dave Wannstedt, the highly regarded defensive coordinator, had to be using mirrors and voodoo to squeeze an 11-5 regular-season record out of this unit. Against the run 'n' shoot offenses of Atlanta, Detroit and Houston, his secondary was overexposed and over its head, meaning rookie draft picks and a couple of Plan B additions had better provide a dramatic improvement for 1992. Is that possible? Yes, but it's also unlikely.

But plenty of us hooted last summer when Johnson made a training-camp pledge that the Cowboys would be a playoff team in '91. And the defense appeared even less stable then.

Plus, his offense, under coordinator Norv Turner, could be one of the league's best. Four Pro Bowlers—wideout Michael Irvin, running back Emmitt Smith, tight end Jay Novacek and quarterback Troy Aikman—were only part of the offense's vast improvement, which came sooner than expected. The Cowboys, as NFL opponents know, are armed and dangerous in this area.

Johnson is also one of those special-teams fanatics, and it showed. This group was rated No. 1 in the league last season, and Joe Avezzano was voted special-teams coach of the year.

It's only on defense where the Cowboys appear incapable of building on what was started last season. But if it's not happening defensively, can it happen at all? It goes against the football gods to think so.

Factor in what will be a tougher schedule this season (not that last year's was exactly a pushover), plus the rigors of playing in the NFL's toughest division—the NFC East—and the Cowboys may take a step back in '92. At least their record might.

"I honestly don't see that happening," says Johnson. "I think another 11-5 is not only possible; I think it should be expected."

And how would he view, say, 9-7, with no playoffs? "That would be classified as a major disappointment, with me being the most disappointed of all," he says. "But I wouldn't call it a setback if we were 9-7, because I don't judge the success of a team or organization over the course of one season. I hope no one was passing judgment on us when we were 1-15.

"Then again, I never worry about being judged. I just know we're going to win. I know what it takes to win."

Both Johnson and Jones obviously are aware expectations are higher than ever after last season's success.

"Which," says Johnson, "is just the way I want it to be every year. The higher the expectations, the more success you are having."

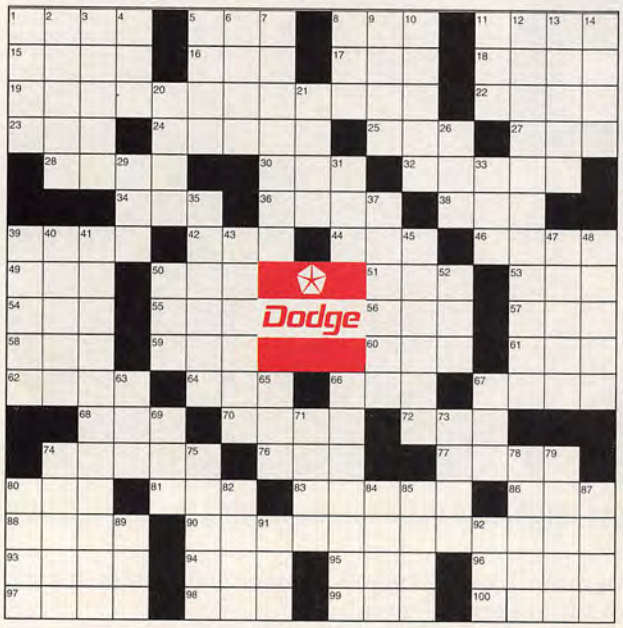
But this can also be a setup situation. A setup for a fall.

"Oh, I hear that a lot," says Jones, Johnson's roommate when both played on the offensive line at the University of Arkansas. "But so far, we've had a little bit of the best of both worlds. We have stayed within a framework which we feel ensures us of a bright future while also concentrating on winning now. We would never do anything to disrupt the future, like giving up two No. 1s in the draft for a veteran who only has a season or two left. But we don't back off on what has to be done today. The credit here goes to Jimmy, to the coaching staff and certainly to the players for making it all work.

The Dodge SPORTword Puzzle

By Stanley Newman

"OLYMPIC HEROES"



Down

1. Hay package
2. "The Skin ___ Teeth": 2 wds.
3. "...three strikes ___ out at the old ball game"
4. ___ Lanka
5. Prayer-ending word
6. Bus payment
7. The ___ Tide
8. However
9. Sign of the future
10. Opening Day month
11. Actress Gardner
12. High-jump winner in '68: 2 wds.
13. Farewell, to Fernando
14. Anti-drunk driving group: Abbr.
20. "___-Tough"
21. 100-meter winner in '64 and '68
26. Infield throw
29. Exists
31. It precedes em
33. ___ Haji-Sheikh
35. Marathon winner in '84
37. Discus winner in '56, '60, '64 and '68
39. Molten rock
40. Former Twin Tony
41. Long-jump winner in '60: 2 wds.
43. All-around gymnastics winner in '84
45. Long-jump winner in '68
47. River structure
48. Make into law
50. Electrical unit
52. Indy checkup area
63. Feeling depressed
65. Soup veggie
66. Sort of sports show
67. John Ziegler is its president: Abbr.
69. Generation
71. Dutch cheese
73. Got a hole in one
74. Former Royals pitcher Dick
75. Super Bowl XXIV quarterback
78. More qualified
79. "Omigosh!"
80. Billiards "English"
82. PGA leading money winner in '89
84. Mashie or niblick
85. Car-maintenance job
87. Cry of dread: 2 wds.
89. Before, in poems
91. Quarterback Dawson
92. ___-60 (acceleration standard): 2 wds.

Across

1. "The ___ of Summer"
5. The Raiders' conference: Abbr.
8. Snake with a squeeze
11. NHL center Graves
15. Get an ___ effort: 2 wds.
16. Deface
17. Plate-cleaning official
18. One of Charlie O's pitchers
19. High-jump winner in '88: 2 wds.
22. ___ rain
23. Barcelona's continent: Abbr.
24. The opposing team
25. Barely beat
27. Emulated Graziano
28. Paper package
30. LPGA pro Berning
32. NHL team, in headlines
34. Tease, in sport slang
36. Winter Olympics site in '52
38. Day-___ (fluorescent coloring)
39. Additional
42. Suffix for east or west
44. Middle East nation: Abbr.
46. Nassau Coliseum player, for short
49. Southeastern Conference team: Abbr.
50. Pee Wee Reese's uniform number
51. Bodybuilder's iteration
53. Hogan or Davidson
54. '50s Yankees infielder McDougald
55. On a streak
56. Randy's skating partner
57. Charlottesville school: Abbr.
58. Mike Schmidt won it three times: Abbr.
59. Harvard's neighbor: Abbr.
60. Paramedic's designation: Abbr.
61. ___ room (family area)
62. Oohs and ___
64. First part of an inning
66. ___ Bowlers Tour
67. Russian refusal
68. Ram's remark
70. ___-do-well
72. Slangy turndown
74. "ADVANTAGE: ___"
76. Orange drink
77. Olympic light heavyweight champ in '60
80. Final-year collegians: Abbr.
81. Lodge brother
83. Like gymnasts
86. "Wilt" or "Cosell"
88. Jerry of the PGA
90. 100-meter winner in '60: 2 wds.
93. Russian high jumper Paklin
94. Had dinner
95. Unruly bunch
96. Gooden was one, as a rookie
97. Number of U. S. Opens won by Sam Snead
98. Japanese cash
99. Compass point: Abbr.
100. Approximately: 2 wds.

Puzzle answers on page 15

Dodge Dakota LE Club Cab
5.2 L Magnum V-8

Dodge Dakota LE Club Cab 5.2L Magnum V-8

Don't even bother comparing this pickup with compact Fords, Chevys and Toyotas. Because with that 230 hp V-8 pulling for it, Dakota over-powers even *full-size* half-tons. Delivering more horsepower and more available towing than a standard F150 or C1500 pickup. All in all, it's one very powerful story.

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DAVID J. SAMS

With a healthy Troy Aikman armed and ready, the Cowboys might find themselves playing for the NFC title.

"It's just my opinion, but I believe if the unexpected happened and we went 8-8 this season, it would not cast a doubt on the overall direction in which we're headed. But nobody around here even thinks 8-8."

Johnson admits that his darkest forecast for this season stops at 9-7. "I believe having a bad season is behind us. And 8-8 is a bad season."

Oh, yeah? Well, the Cowboys enter training camp with all three starting jobs at linebacker and all four starting jobs in the secondary totally up for grabs.

Johnson not only failed to protect last year's starting middle linebacker Jack Del Rio in the Plan B draft, he also lost him to the Minnesota Vikings. Del Rio was coming off a good year too. But for those critics who called it a mistake, Johnson's answer was, "We will be better than ever next season at linebacker."

Consider that a clip-and-save quote.

But not even Johnson questions the doubts about his secondary. "We've got holes to plug back there," he says. "Certain teams exposed our weaknesses, and that's no secret. I just also happen to think we can accomplish that. At this time of year, every coach in the league is also looking at certain areas of his team and thinking about improvements that must be made. I don't see a perfect team out there anywhere."

If he's right about successful defensive upgrading, the Cowboys can take the jump beyond where they were last year. And, by the way, give credit where it's due for last season's success story. Coming out of the NFC East with an 11-5 record suggests that this team was no fluke. Repeating it, however, is another chapter, and Johnson doesn't want just a repeat.

He wants *more*.

Jimmy Johnson makes a credible case for further improvement; he's the truest of true believers.

"Working in our favor will be the youth factor, and we were one of the youngest teams in the league," he says. "On experience alone, we should improve. And our guys aren't just young; there is also some exceptional talent involved.

"Another thing is how the motivational factor for the players and the coaching staff certainly applies to this season. That was a huge disappointment when our season ended in Detroit, one game away from going to Washington for the NFC Championship Game. Nobody walked off the field in Detroit satisfied with how far we had gone."

Johnson also doesn't look past the negatives involved in the Cowboys' improvement.

"Start with the schedule. I'll be the first to say it's extremely, extremely tough," he says. "One of the most difficult in the league, in fact. But a lot of this is just life in the NFC East, where you have to play everybody twice.

"And then the other major thing comes down to our contractual situation. We've got key people with contracts up for renegotiation. This may worry me the most. First, you can have the missed time in minicamps and offseason workout programs. And then, even if you get a player signed and he's not really happy with his money, he can become less of a player for you."

Eight starters from last season are negotiating with Jones for new contracts. Included among that group are Irvin, Novacek and the team's best offensive lineman, center Mark Stepnoski.

Del Rio, who seemed to be a fixture in Dallas, took his Plan B walk this spring because he was admittedly displeased with the way Jones had handled his contract negotiations last summer. The haggling didn't adversely af-

fect Del Rio's performance during the season, but he also didn't forget once the Plan B chance presented itself.

In departing, Del Rio publicly expressed a concern heard often in off-the-record locker-room conversations. "This organization does not treat veteran players with respect when it comes to money," said Del Rio. "All the emphasis here is on the young guys and the future. But you still have to have a veteran base to be successful."

This, without question, has become a growing problem for Johnson, even if he won't admit it.

"There are certain veterans we've taken care of," he says, "and there are others who squawked. Some who squawked the loudest are no longer here, and not just because they made noise. It just might be they weren't as good as they thought they were."

Johnson, fresh out of college football, negotiated player contracts in his first year as coach but quickly learned it was a mistake. He backed off, turning the job over to Jones and director of player personnel Bob Ackles.

"When it comes to company money, I'm harder on the players than anybody," says Jones. "With my money, I'm generous, but company money is different. I knew I didn't need to be involved with contracts. But in the short time I was involved, I saw how the money thing can take a player from a positive frame of mind to the negative. But we just have to do what we think is best for the organization as a whole."

That's another thing about winning: The contractual hassles are much more frequent. And there will be some intense negotiation confrontations awaiting the Cowboys before training camp opens in July. As even Johnson says, going beyond last year's success may be riding on what goes on at the bargaining table.

But if Jones or Ackles happens to be lowballing a veteran in contract talks, it will be with Johnson's approval. His opinion still figures prominently in the equation.

"And let's face it," says Jones. "We haven't been anywhere yet as a team. Last year, we met a specific goal of making the playoffs. It's a step closer to winning it all but not close enough."

Jones, as an owner, measures last year's success in another way. "Besides bringing the Cowboys back to prominence on a national basis," says Jones, "I'm proudest of the fact [that] we are known as a [financially] sound organization that is poised to make a move in the future."

For Johnson, the future is now.

"It amused me," he says, "to hear the talk that started even last year about us making too much progress in one season. I don't understand that mentality at all. Granted, an 11-5 record was about as good as we could have hoped for, but I wasn't surprised at having that success. And once we got into the playoffs, there was the disappointment of not taking it one more step. Or even one more beyond the championship game.

"You only worry about setting yourself up for a fall if you aren't confident in your ability to win. That's not me. It wasn't at [the University of] Miami when my first season down there was a disappointment, and it wasn't when we were 1-15 my first year here. I look forward to being better this season than last season. And we will be."

First of all, let's see how his defensive secondary shakes out. And then his linebackers. And then we might know more.

But for now? Jimmy, would 8-8 really be that bad? ★

Randy Galloway is a sports columnist for the *Dallas Morning News*.

Emmitt Smith is the NFL's newest backfield phenom, having captured the NFC rushing title last season.

TOM DIPACE

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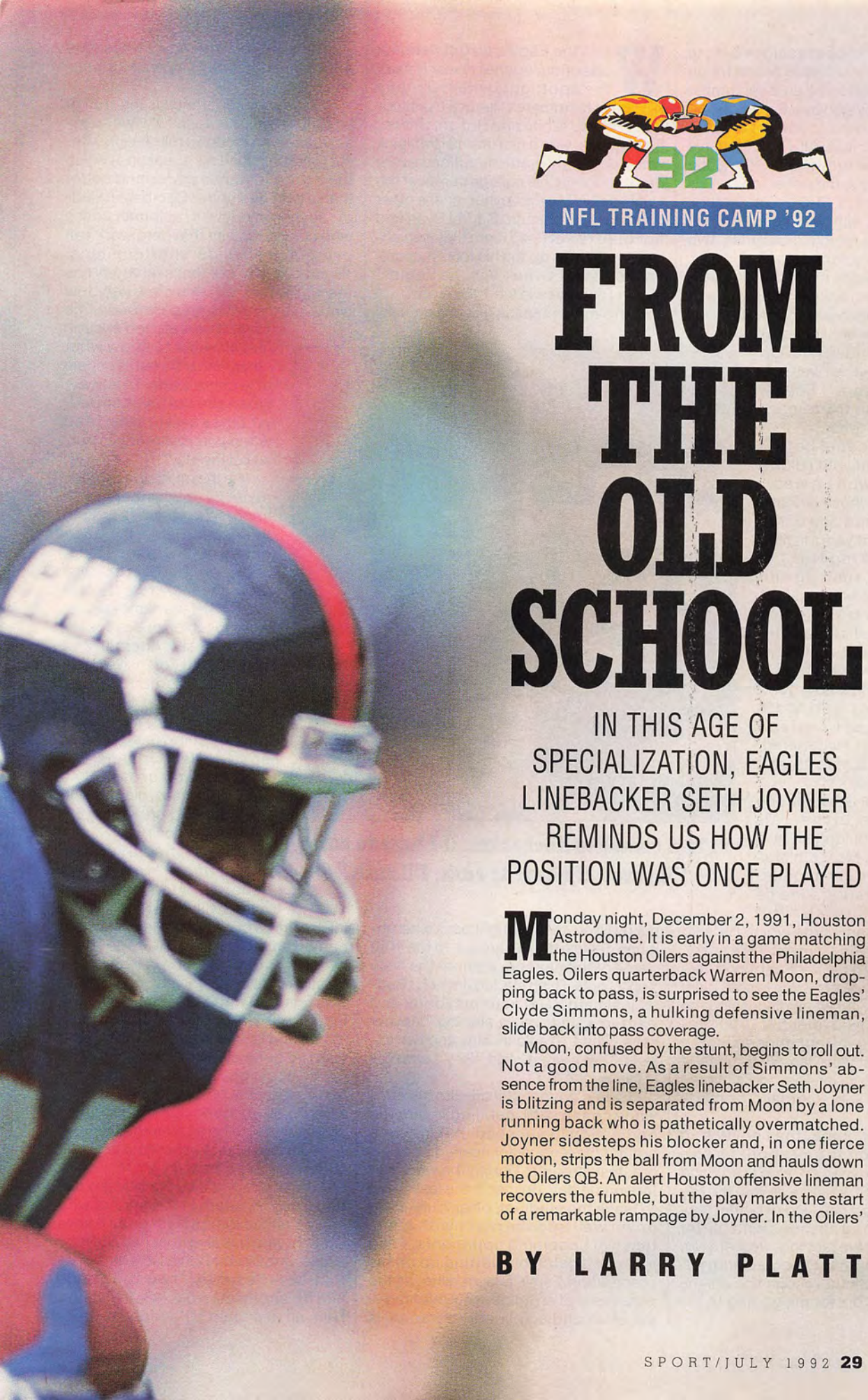


NFL TRAINING CAMP '92

FROM THE OLD SCHOOL

IN THIS AGE OF SPECIALIZATION, EAGLES LINEBACKER SETH JOYNER REMINDS US HOW THE POSITION WAS ONCE PLAYED

Monday night, December 2, 1991, Houston Astrodome. It is early in a game matching the Houston Oilers against the Philadelphia Eagles. Oilers quarterback Warren Moon, dropping back to pass, is surprised to see the Eagles' Clyde Simmons, a hulking defensive lineman, slide back into pass coverage.

Moon, confused by the stunt, begins to roll out. Not a good move. As a result of Simmons' absence from the line, Eagles linebacker Seth Joyner is blitzing and is separated from Moon by a lone running back who is pathetically overmatched. Joyner sidesteps his blocker and, in one fierce motion, strips the ball from Moon and hauls down the Oilers QB. An alert Houston offensive lineman recovers the fumble, but the play marks the start of a remarkable rampage by Joyner. In the Oilers'

MITCHELL B. REIBEL

BY LARRY PLATT

remaining three possessions before halftime, Joyner will sack Moon for an 11-yard loss and force another fumble that will be recovered by a teammate.

"Seth, man, what'd you eat today?" Joyner's teammate, All-Pro defensive lineman Jerome Brown, asks him at the half on their way to the locker room.

For the game, a 13-6 Eagles victory, Joyner finishes with two forced fumbles, two sacks, two fumble recoveries, two assists and five solo tackles.

On that Monday night, the "league's best-kept secret," in the words of Philadelphia defensive coordinator Bud Carson, got the publicity that had so long eluded him. On that night, the secret was out, and it was wearing Eagles green and the trademark scowl of Seth Joyner.

"Before I came here, I heard the name, but I didn't really know who he was," says Carson, whose defense last season had one of the most dominant years in NFL history, ranking No. 1 in fewest total, rushing and passing yards allowed, becoming the first unit to lead the league in all three categories since the 1975 Vikings. "Of course, now everybody is saying they knew how good he was all along. But I had to see him first, and when I saw him in the flesh, I wondered, 'How come I haven't heard a lot about this guy?'"

It's a logical question, one that amuses Joyner, although you wouldn't know it to look at him. Most athletes are, at one time or another, described by sports-media mavens as "intense." But Joyner personifies the word. He's so wrapped up inside himself, he's scary. He speaks with a Clint Eastwood-like implacability, yet his voice is soft, calm and rational, even when discussing the slight he received after the 1990 season, when he was not chosen for the Pro Bowl. Last year, largely as a result of commentator Dan Dierdorf's hyping on "Monday Night Football," he made it.

"Until that game, they never had anything good to say about us as a team," says Joyner, 27, who is entering his seventh NFL season, all with the Eagles. "At times it can kind of bother you. I mean, I've had seasons with better statistics, but the fact that we were No. 1 in defense across the board and getting a lot of national recognition are the two main factors for me getting to the Pro Bowl."

When the Eagles do get national attention, Joyner doesn't seek the spotlight, which usually shines on teammates Randall Cunningham, Reggie White and Brown. Brown, for instance, was a first-round draft pick who seemingly made headlines every day throughout his college career at the University of Miami. Joyner, on the other hand, was an obscure Buddy Ryan find from a Texas-El Paso team that won only seven games during his four-year college career. Joyner was the Eagles' eighth-round pick in the 1986 draft.

In his rookie season, he was actually cut by Ryan, then brought back when injuries decimated the squad. In the 10th game of the season, against the New York Giants, Ryan started Joyner. "Buddy just said, 'Get your playbook and learn your stuff; you're starting,'" Joyner says. "I had 10 solo tackles and two assists. That's when I said, 'Hey, I can play in this league.'"

MIKE POWELL/ALLSPORT USA

"I'm a complete linebacker. If I have to cover, I'll cover. If I have to rush, I'll rush."

Today, Joyner still credits his erstwhile coach with instilling in him the dedication to succeed that insiders around the league acknowledge as his greatest strength. During the week before game day, Joyner is the last Eagle to leave the stadium, often hunkering down well into the night with game tapes of upcoming opponents. "You just can't catch him letting up on his preparation," says Brown, who, as the possessor of an immensely talented—yet often undisciplined—persona, is Joyner's antithesis in many ways. "He makes the other guys look bad sometimes."

If Joyner's preparation is the stuff of legend, he says he wasn't always so assiduous. Even though a full season without Ryan has gone by, a season in which the Eagles' defense performed better than it ever had under Bombastic Buddy, Joyner says it was his former coach who convinced him that hard work can overcome physical shortcomings. "Buddy used to say that everybody has the will to win, but there are very few who have the will to prepare to win," he says. "I've watched enough film all week to know what other teams do out of certain offensive sets. This way, when the ball is snapped, you make your first read when you're already in pursuit of the play."

It is the multitude of reads made by Joyner that has so impressed coaches around the league. Before the emergence of Lawrence Taylor and Andre Tippet in the early '80s, linebackers were precisely what the name implies: a combination of pass-rushing defensive lineman and fleet-footed defensive back. Taylor's ferocious blitzes broke the mold and gave birth to a whole generation of pass-rushing linebackers, such as New Orleans' Pat Swilling and Kansas City's Derrick Thomas, players who are apt to blitz on virtually every passing down.

Joyner, however, is a throwback. He doesn't record as many sacks as, say, Swilling, but he's in the thick of more plays out of the pocket and can often be found in the secondary matching the fastest of receivers stride for stride. Last year, for instance, Joyner was credited with 6.5 sacks, 110 tackles, three interceptions, six fumbles forced and four recovered. Carson, who was the defensive coordinator for the great Pittsburgh Steelers and Los Angeles Rams teams of the mid- to late-'70s, says it's no mistake that his statistics show Joyner to be all over the field. He says Joyner might be the most versatile linebacker he's ever seen.

"Jack Ham *might* be the only guy I've had in my 20 years in the league who can do all the things Seth does," says Carson, who has also coached Steelers Jack Lambert and Robin Cole as well as Ram Jack Reynolds. "I wouldn't trade him for another linebacker anywhere. He's an excellent blitzer and a super

cover guy. When a running back lines up wide in the slot, we send Seth to cover him in single coverage instead of sending the strong safety. There's not another 240-pound linebacker who can do that."

Joyner's versatility has worked against him. The sports media takes notice of sack statistics when heaping accolades on linebackers, and Joyner acknowledges that were it not for his big plays on national TV last season, he might not have made the Pro Bowl. "I'm a complete linebacker," he says. "If I have to cover, I'll cover. If I have to rush, I'll rush. I know if I could put my hand down and rush on every passing down, I'd come up with 12 to 15 sacks a year, easy. But my role is the traditional linebacker's job: to stop the run, to cover and to pass-rush sometimes."

Though Joyner is quiet, he doesn't bite his mouthpiece when he has something to say. While Reggie White is probably the most vocal of the Eagles, Joyner leads by saying what has to be said and doing what needs to be done. "He doesn't have to be a loud leader, with all the characters we have on this team," says head coach Rich Kotite. "What he does is lead by example. He's just never satisfied with himself or with his teammates."

Last year, in fact, Joyner fell into disfavor with some teammates when, after a disheartening 14-13 loss to Tampa Bay in the season's sixth week, he publicly criticized Kotite's play calling and the team's offensive performance. When Brown says something controversial, it's because he's being outrageous. When Joyner sparks controversy, it's because he has said something reasonable but in a strikingly blunt way.

Following the Tampa Bay loss, the Eagles dropped a 13-6 decision to New Orleans. After the game, Joyner took sole responsibility for having been burned for a late Saints touchdown. "Buddy used to tell us, 'When you do something good, stand up and take credit for it; when you do something wrong, be man enough to stand up and take responsibility for it,'" says Joyner. "Obviously, that touchdown play was my fault, and the previous week I had gotten on the offense. If you accept the role of a leader, you have to step up and be heard when you screw up too."

Similarly, at halftime of the last game of the season, against the Washington Redskins, tempers flared in the Eagles' locker room when Joyner again pounced on the performance of the offensive line. "We [the defense] would get a turnover, give it to the offense, and they'd turn it right back over," says Joyner. "I told the guys we needed to get the job done and stop making excuses. They got pissed off at me, but I don't care if they like me or dislike me. I care that they do their jobs because I'm busting my behind to do mine. I know I can't expect everybody to have the same passion I have for the game, but it really pisses me off when guys say they're trying their hardest. That's not enough."

JIM GRAHAM

"If you accept the role of a leader, you have to step up and be heard when you screw up too."

Teammates have not been the only recipients of Joyner's logical yet incendiary outspokenness. Without much fanfare, without couching his message in diplomatic rhetoric, Joyner has been just as critical of the Eagles' front office, a trait shared by his mentor, Buddy Ryan, during his turbulent five-year reign in Philadelphia.

Joyner held out prior to last season, missing all of training camp. According to published reports, he was seeking an increase in pay from his $380,000 salary to a little more than $1 million, after having led the Eagles in tackles (132) and recording a career-high in sacks (7.5) in 1990. Negotiations were bitter, but Joyner ended up getting what he wanted: a three-year, $3 million package. He butted heads with members of the media and with management, who suggested a player who had yet to make the Pro Bowl didn't deserve $1 million a year. "To be honest with you, I wish I had made the Pro Bowl in 1990," he says now. "Out of curiosity, it would have been interesting to see what other thing management would have come up with to say, 'You don't deserve what you're asking for.'"

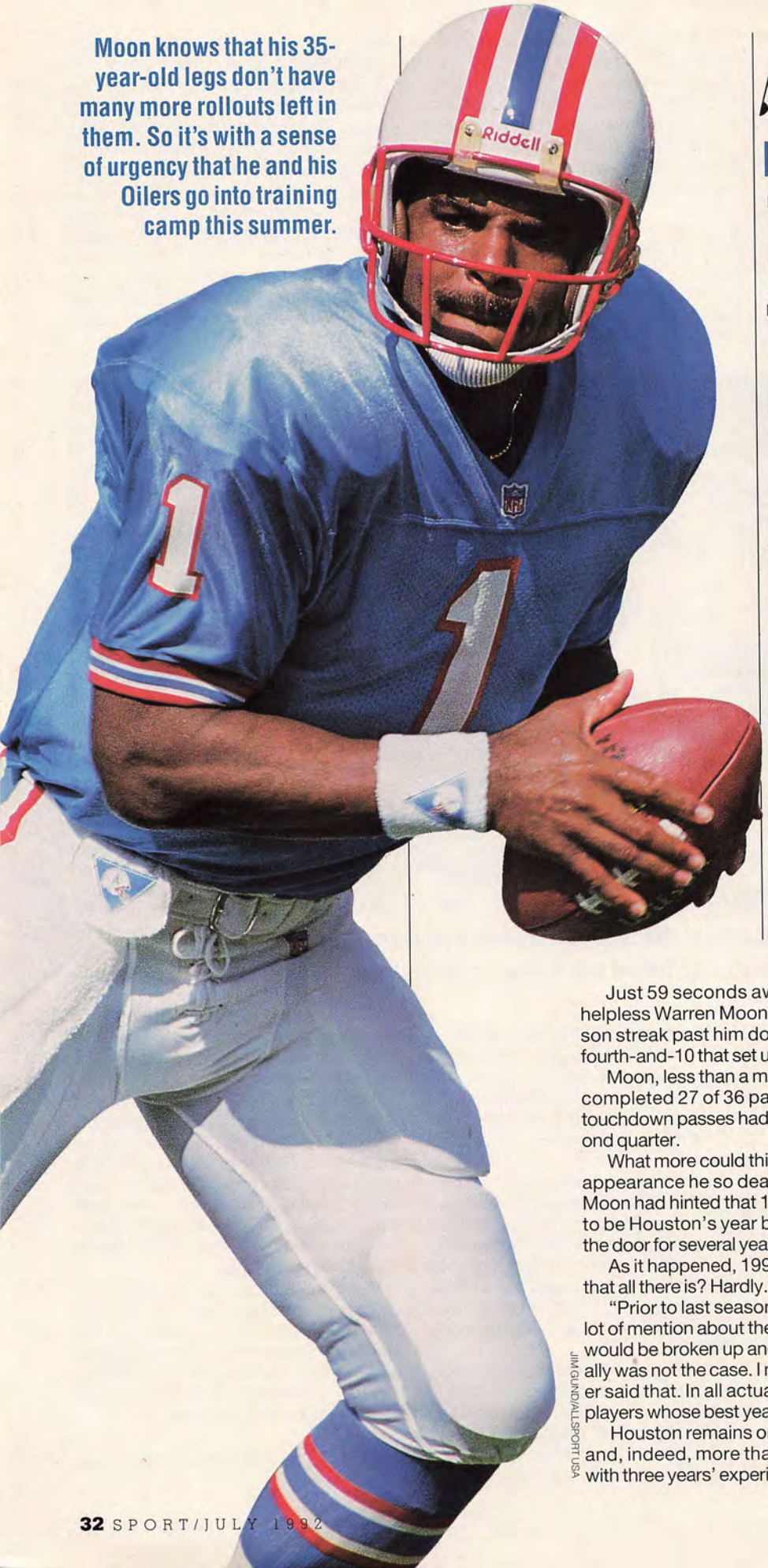
Seth Joyner is in a slightly frustrating position for someone so intense. He's the two-time MVP of the best defense in the NFL, he is just starting to get the recognition he deserves, and yet he still feels his team is a step away from the Super Bowl.

"The front office is making a big deal about our running-back situation, but we don't have a problem at running back," he says, noting that the Eagles were outbid in their effort to sign free agent James Brooks in the off-season. "The major position they need to address is the offensive line. And you're not going to get an offensive lineman from the draft who can play right away. They proved that last year when they gave up two first-round picks for Antone Davis. I'm scared that they're just looking to Randall to come back and be our savior. In reality, with Randall hurt, the flaws in our offense were glaring. So far, they're not correcting those flaws, and that's frustrating to the defensive players."

The story of the Philadelphia Eagles is a tale of two teams—a struggling offense and a dominant defense. Joyner, the leader of that defense, dreams of the day when both contribute equally to a Super Bowl victory. He concedes that it's a dream, but the former eighth-round draft pick says he knows firsthand that dreams can come true.

Seth Joyner is asked how it feels to be the best football player nobody has heard of, and, for the first time, he smiles. His grin looks out of place on his usually stern countenance. "I'm not going to have that problem anymore, man," he says. "Not anymore." ★

Larry Platt is a free-lance writer living in Philadelphia.



Moon knows that his 35-year-old legs don't have many more rollouts left in them. So it's with a sense of urgency that he and his Oilers go into training camp this summer.

JIM GUND/ALLSPORT USA

NFL TRAINING CAMP '92

Is the wait finally over for Warren Moon?

THIS AND OTHER QUESTIONS ABOUND AS NFL TEAMS GEAR UP FOR THE FALL SEASON

BY CRAIG ELLENPORT

Just 59 seconds away from the AFC title game last year, a helpless Warren Moon watched Broncos receiver Vance Johnson streak past him down the left sideline for a 44-yard gain on fourth-and-10 that set up Denver's game-winning field goal.

Moon, less than a month removed from his 35th birthday, had completed 27 of 36 passes on the day for 325 yards. His three touchdown passes had staked Houston to a 21-6 lead in the second quarter.

What more could this man do to lead his team to a Super Bowl appearance he so dearly craves? More than once last season, Moon had hinted that 1991 could be Houston's year—that it *had* to be Houston's year because this team has been knocking on the door for several years and isn't getting any younger.

As it happened, 1991 wasn't the year for Moon's Oilers. So is that all there is? Hardly.

"Prior to last season," says coach Jack Pardee, "there was a lot of mention about the age factor—if we didn't do well, the team would be broken up and rebuilt and all that type of stuff, which really was not the case. I never said that. No one in management ever said that. In all actuality, we have a good blend here of young players whose best years ought to be right now."

Houston remains one of the most talented teams in the AFC, and, indeed, more than half the roster is comprised of players with three years' experience or less.

JON SOOHOO/BERNSTEIN ASSOCIATES INC.

Peete will be looking over his shoulder in the Lions' QB derby.

Pardee points to key injuries on his defense, particularly to Doug Smith and Ray Childress, to explain the Oilers' late-season collapse. A loss to the Giants in the regular-season finale cost the Oilers a much-needed bye in the first round of the playoffs, forcing an extra game that exacted its toll in Denver.

Houston benefits from a 1992 schedule that, on paper at least, is the third-easiest in the NFL (opponents had a combined record of 99-109 last season). More promising, Houston will play 11 of its 16 games this season indoors—eight at home and three on the road (at Indianapolis, Detroit and Minnesota).

The sense of urgency is still there, however, especially for Moon, who turns 36 in November. "The clock is spinning on him," says Pardee, "and thank goodness he is in good shape and takes care of himself. But just the age alone is gonna catch up with him sometime. There should be a little bit of urgency on his part and on everyone's part.

"Because you don't ever wait till next year."

If the Lions are Super Bowl-bound in '92, who will guide them?

So you say you're ready to jump on that Detroit Lions' bandwagon, eh? Join the crowd.

The Lions' emotion-filled playoff run last year, which ended in a 41-10 loss to Washington in the NFC Championship Game, revealed to everyone that the success of Wayne Fontes' team was no fluke. There is All-Pro talent on both sides of the ball, from safety Bennie Blades to linebacker Chris Spielman to offensive tackle Lomas Brown, with running back Barry Sanders as the icing on the cake.

Fontes got away from the run 'n' shoot last year so that he could better utilize Sanders' considerable talent. Sanders obliged, leading the NFC in yards gained from scrimmage (1,855) and the NFL in TDs (17).

The Lions are a young team that can only get better. They tried unsuccessfully to lure NFL sack leader Pat Swilling away from the Saints, but, when healthy, the defense is good enough as is.

There are just two words that can prevent Detroit from at least matching last year's performance in 1992: Quarterback Controversy.

Erik Kramer became a media star after he took over for injured incumbent Rodney Peete and guided Detroit to a 6-2 record in the second half of the regular season, then burned Dallas in the playoffs for 341 yards and three touchdown passes. The 38-6 romp was Detroit's first playoff win in 28 years.

But what about Peete? Like Kramer, he was 6-2 in games he started. His completion rate of nearly 60 percent was better than Kramer's, but that's the only statistical category in which the former Trojan had an edge. Peete's Achilles tendon will be 100 percent in the preseason, and there's the old adage that a starting quarterback shouldn't lose his job due to injury. The New York Giants tossed that notion out the window by starting Jeff Hostetler over Phil Simms last year, and look where it got them.

"There's always going to be second-guessing," says ESPN analyst and former quarterback Joe Theismann, "but what causes that problem more than anything is the coach. If a coach vacillates and doesn't really make a decision or goes to the head games of, 'Well, we'll see who's better,'...he's hurting the ballclub, and he's creating the problem himself."

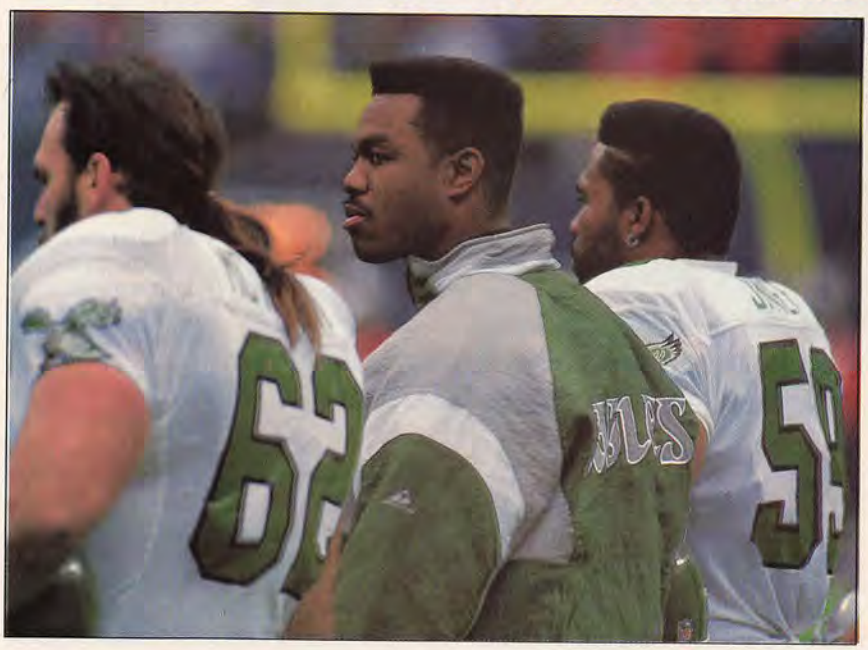
Fontes has no intention of vacillating. His only public comment on the matter is that he's made a definitive decision on whom his starting quarterback will be, but he's not naming names until training camp. The logical choice is Peete, but, then again, this election year hasn't been kind to incumbents.

Is Randall Cunningham ready to soar?

What if?

That's the rhetorical question Eagles fans mumbled to themselves all year as they watched one of the most dominant defenses the NFL has ever seen brutalize the opposition week after week, only to see the Eagles miss out on the playoffs because their star quarterback went down in the first game of the season.

Cunningham has trained hard to put his days as a spectator behind him.



AL KOOISTRA

If Randall Cunningham hadn't blown out his knee in the Eagles' season-opening win at Green Bay, could anyone have beaten Philly last year? The Eagles led the NFL in rushing, passing and total defense—the first team to accomplish that since the 1975 Vikings—and finished 10-6 without Cunningham, who is not only their quarterback but also their best rusher.

The notion in Philadelphia is that if

the defense can play anywhere near the level it did in 1991, and Cunningham makes a successful return, then the promised land is within reach.

Cunningham worked ferociously during the regular season and the off-season, going so far as to foot the bill for four of his pass-catching teammates—tight end Keith Jackson, running back Keith Byars, and receivers Fred Barnett and Calvin Williams—to join him in Las Vegas in March for an intensive week-long workout. Joining them for the makeshift minicamp was Indianapolis Colts running back Eric Dickerson.

KEN LEVINE/ALLSPORT USA

The way new quarterback Krieg sees it, the Chiefs are on the verge of reaching the Super Bowl.

"This is the start of something good; I know it is," said Cunningham, whose primary objective was to get the rust out, both physically and mentally. It was basically a feeling-out process that he wanted to get out of the way before the real training camp began.

If a healthy Cunningham rejoins Philadelphia's monster defense, the Eagles will be picked by many to win it all in '92.

"I happen to think that this injury is going to make him an even better football player," says Theismann. "He now is going to have to rely on his ability as a quarterback...to get the job done. He might not be quite as much in a hurry to take off and run, which is going to make the Eagles so much more effective because his threat is still there."

Even if Cunningham is healthy, one chink in Philadelphia's armor remains. If Cunningham doesn't run with the ball as much this season, who will?

The Eagles' front office, by not pursuing Plan B free agent James Brooks as vigorously as it might have, seemed to be making a statement that second-year running back James Joseph is the main man. The ageless Brooks would have been a perfect fit in Philly. Joseph, who led the team in rushing last year with just 440 yards, could reach 1,000 yards in '92. If he does, the Eagles will soar.

Is Dave Krieg the missing piece in Kansas City's playoff puzzle?

Kansas City president/general manager Carl Peterson likes to talk about the meticulous detail it takes to build a championship football team. "It's a step-by-step, brick-by-brick process," he says.

In the three years that Peterson and coach Marty Schottenheimer have been guiding the Chiefs, the progress has been evident. Kansas City clearly is among the top contenders in the AFC. So could it be that Dave Krieg, the Seahawks' all-time leading passer who was signed by the Chiefs in March as a Plan B free agent, is the final brick needed to build a Super Bowl champion?

"I never try to put that much emphasis on any position," Peterson says, "because I really am a team guy." The fact remains, however, that 38-year-old Steve DeBerg had taken the Chiefs as far as he could take them. Peterson describes Krieg, who will be 34 in October, as someone who can "bridge the gap for a while" until a quarterback of the future can be groomed. It's the short-term goal that Krieg has in mind.

"This is a good team on the verge of getting to the Super Bowl," Krieg said after he signed with the Chiefs. "I'm glad they asked me to come along and see if I can help."

Krieg is a great fit for the Chiefs. He didn't have the rifle to remain a factor with Seattle, where new coach Tom Flores plans to open up the long-range passing attack, but Krieg's competitiveness and heady play will mesh well with Kansas City's ground game. He enters the '92 season as the NFL's 10th-rated all-time passer.

Peterson, builder of solid football teams, needed five years at Philadelphia to get the Eagles to the Super Bowl in 1980. With the acquisition of Krieg, his construction job in Kansas City may be completed in four.

"People don't appreciate how difficult it is to get to the playoffs, let alone the Super Bowl," says Peterson. "There's 27 people out there trying to knock your brains out, and then there's a lot of things you can't control. But I'm pleased with the signing of David Krieg. We do think he can be a very important component in this building process. Our football team is excited about having him here."

And vice versa.

Is there life after Chuck Noll in Pittsburgh?

After the press conference at which he was introduced as the new head coach of the Pittsburgh Steelers, Bill Cowher called his friend Carl Peterson, who had hired him as an assistant coach in Kansas City.

"He said he never fathomed that it would be quite that huge," says Peterson, who had to find a new defensive coordinator for the Chiefs when Cowher took the Steelers job.

The three network affiliates in Pittsburgh went live with the press conference on January 21, one month after Chuck Noll announced his resignation—leaving Miami's Don Shula, Washington's Joe Gibbs and Seattle's Tom Flores as the only active coaches with at least two Super Bowl victories. Noll, fifth on the all-time win list, is the only coach to win four Super Bowls.

Noll's 209 career victories are 209 more than his successor, which makes the challenge of replacing a living legend all the more difficult. Pittsburgh is the epitome of football country, and, while it's been more than a decade since the Steelers last hoisted the Super Bowl trophy, the team has an image to maintain.

"Whenever you succeed a legend, if you don't do well you're gonna hear about it," says Myron Cope, who's been broadcasting Steelers games since

1970, one year after Noll arrived. "It's tough if you don't win. He's a local guy, and that helps. Pittsburghers like their own, and that may increase their patience for a while. But eventually you've got to start doing something."

The Steelers' front office should be patient with Cowher. Certainly, it hasn't had to deal with breaking in a new coach in 23 years, and it's going through some changes itself. Tom Donahoe, previously Pittsburgh's director of football development, was named the team's first-ever director of football operations, a move designed to bring more organization to the organization.

heartbreaking one-point loss to the Giants in Super Bowl XXV? Of course, they could, for two reasons: One, they had nothing to be ashamed of in their hard-fought battle with the Giants; and two, they were still the obvious cream of the AFC crop.

Neither of those apply to the 1992 crew, and, despite the wealth of talent that remains on the Buffalo roster, there are ominous signs ahead.

The 37-24 loss to Washington in last season's Super Bowl was more of a blowout than the score indicated, and, before and after the game, Buffalo flashed some of the tension that

"I don't think a lot of people up here think they'll be going back to the Super Bowl," says John Pepper, who wrote last year for *'Shout!,* the fanzine that covers the Bills. "There's definitely a defeatist attitude."

That wasn't the case last year, when upward of 30,000 fans showed up to cheer their fallen heroes upon their return from Tampa. This year, however, fewer than 10,000 people showed up at the post-Super Bowl rally.

Still, the fans aren't the ones who step out onto the field. Jim Kelly shows no signs of quit. Cornelius Bennett

RICK STEWART/ALLSPORT USA

After getting their bells rung in Super Bowl XXVI, the Bills wonder if they're not the Broncos of the '90s.

But perhaps more important than Cowher's presence is the arrival of a new offensive coordinator, veteran coach Ron Erhardt, to replace the embattled Joe Walton, who unsuccessfully tried to force a complex passing attack down the Steelers' throats.

"Now you're getting the opposite kind of thing, a New York Giants power offense," says Cope. "I think that's more Pittsburgh's brand of football. That's the kind of football people around here like to see and like to play."

Can the Bills bounce back?

Last year, the issue was similar: Could the Bills bounce back from their earned the club the nickname "Bickering Bills" just a few years ago. The '92 Bills must overcome some key losses on the coaching staff—most notably offensive coordinator Ted Marchibroda, who returned for his second tour of duty as head coach of the Colts. They also must maintain consistency in an improving division. The Bills still are the class of the AFC East on paper, but the once-anemic division is no longer a cakewalk, with some observers thinking the Jets can actually top Buffalo.

Most importantly, the Bills must rid themselves of the haunting voices in their heads, repeating incessantly, "Buffalo can't win the big one."

played his best football late last season. For all his unhappiness, Thurman Thomas remains the NFL's ultimate weapon.

The question of whether or not Buffalo can defend its AFC crown boils down to one factor: Is Bruce Smith's ailing knee ever going to heal? Doubts grew during the off-season, so the Bills signed another reclamation project, former Patriot Ken Sims, to bolster their weak defensive front. Former first-round pick Reggie Rogers was a non-factor last season, and Sims isn't likely to make a difference either. If Smith can't return to form, the Bills won't have to worry about losing the big one again.★

NFL TRAINING CAMP '92

NEWS & NOTES

BY CRAIG ELLENPORT

NO HUDDLE, BY GEORGE

Jeff George has survived two seasons of brutality as the Indianapolis Colts' quarterback. Now, with the team's rehiring of Ted Marchibroda as head coach, comes his reward.

Marchibroda ran the show in Baltimore from 1975 to '79. He has since made his mark as the man who brought the no-huddle attack to Buffalo.

Last season, behind a makeshift offensive line, George faced a weekly struggle just to stay on his feet. But don't be surprised to see the third-year pro thrive as Marchibroda's next great protégé.

"It's gonna be a major part of our offense," says Marchibroda about the no-huddle, "and I don't have any qualms or concerns that Jeff can't do it." Marchibroda's not afraid to compare George to his Pro Bowl quarterback from Buffalo, Jim Kelly.

JIM SPOONTZ/ALLSPORT USA

Expect Jeff George to thrive in the Colts' new offense.

"They're comparable sizewise, number one," he says. "Number two, they're both blessed with talent. Number three, they're extremely competitive guys. They believe in themselves. They believe, regardless of what the score is, they're never out of a ball game."

George must have known he was out of a few ball games last year, though it was rarely his fault. But if you're looking for evidence that George is capable of handling the fast-paced no-huddle, consider this: At Illinois, George led his offense to scores in 10 of 12 two-minute drives in 1989, and in the final seven minutes of games that season, he completed 28 of 35 passes for 355 yards and five touchdowns.

CROSSING THE LINE

Atlanta head coach Jerry Glanville certainly is an impetuous sort, but the swiftness with which he turned around the Falcons fortunes serves as a reminder that—love him or hate him—the man in black is a winner.

But how much of a winner? Glanville, a flamboyant character to say the least, has only three playoff victories to his credit—one more than the number of music videos he's appeared in.

Like that other man in black, Johnny Cash, Glanville likes to walk the line. In six-plus seasons as a head coach, he's walked the line with Atlanta and Houston but has thus far failed to cross the line. Can he do it?

In his last three years at Houston, he earned wild-card playoff berths, but the Oilers couldn't capture that elusive AFC Central title. Critics said then that Glanville's style of motivation and intimidation could only take a team so far, that once he got into the playoffs and faced teams which were just as motivated, it was all over.

Glanville's second season in Atlanta saw the Falcons advance to the playoffs for the first time since 1982. They fell just short of winning the NFC West but were expected to finish dead last.

Now that the stakes have been raised, however, Glanville must reach that next level. Then he can worry about making more music videos.

PIVOTAL PLAYERS

When you combine a turbulent 1991 season—both on and off the field—with the prospects of facing the Redskins, Eagles and Cowboys twice each this season, a return to the top doesn't look likely for the Giants.

There is still plenty of talent on the team, but if you want to focus on one player whose performance could have the greatest bearing on New York's fortunes, watch Rodney Hampton.

Hampton, the Giants' 1990 first-round pick out of Georgia, is the kind of all-purpose threat who, if used properly, can put up Thurman Thomas-like numbers, perhaps 1,800 yards from scrimmage. Hampton had 1,342 yards from scrimmage last year, but he did it very quietly. If he can make some noise, the Giants have a fighting chance in the NFC East.

Other players who can drastically alter their teams' fortunes with masterful performances in 1992:

RON VESELY

Glanville has nearly as many music videos as playoff wins.

RON VESELY

Rodney Hampton is an all-purpose threat who can put up Thurman Thomas-type numbers.

Nick Bell, Raiders: Marcus Allen is a year older and Roger Craig is gone. The bell tolls for you, Nick.

Kevin Greene, Rams: From 1988 to 1990, he registered 46 sacks. Last year, when he was moved all over the place, he had only three.

Anthony Miller, Chargers: Injuries held him to 44 receptions last year, his lowest output in three seasons. As QB John Friesz continues to improve, he needs Miller to bust out.

Stan Thomas, Bears: He survived a near-fatal shooting incident in the off-season. Now he must breathe life into an offensive line in transition.

ONCE A REBEL...

John Mackey retired from football in 1972, and he's just this summer being inducted into the Pro Football Hall of Fame. Some still think the former Baltimore Colt was the greatest tight end to play the game; therefore, it was apparent that what kept him from attaining Hall of Fame status sooner was his outspokenness on matters concerning player relations.

Once a rebel, always a rebel. Mackey, like most Colts fans from Baltimore, still holds a grudge over the team's midnight move to Indianapolis. He refused to accept his Hall of Fame ring at halftime of a Colts game, offering instead to accept the ring during a Miami-New Orleans exhibition game August 27 in Baltimore. Mackey told Hall of Fame officials that if they didn't want to go that route, "then we can go to a restaurant and have some crabs, and you can just hand me the ring."

PAT PROFITS, PHIL SIMMERS

Without changing teams, New Orleans Saints linebacker Pat Swilling became one of those rare players able to take advantage of the NFL's restricted free agency. The Saints matched an offer sheet that Swilling had signed with the Detroit Lions, making the 1991 sack leader the highest-paid defensive player in league history.

While Swilling was able to profit, the case of Giants quarterback Phil Simms is the unfortunate reminder of everything that is wrong with the NFL's restricted free agency.

Simms, 36, is one of the game's great competitors, a Super Bowl MVP whose career is winding down on the bench rather than on the playing field. Other teams might be interested in Simms' services, but his status as a Type A free agent puts him in the same league as Swilling: A team must give up two first-rounders to sign him.

No team is willing to go for that, obviously, and the Giants love the idea of keeping him as insurance in case Jeff Hostetler gets hurt. So, in a very literal sense, Simms is a prisoner of the system. He is the all-time leading passer in Giants history, a 13-year veteran with two Super Bowl rings—and he is absolutely helpless to control the rest of his NFL career.

SPORT ARCHIVE

Mackey's outlook delayed his Hall induction.

IT'S A SNAP

After the New York Jets lost Trevor Matich to Indianapolis through Plan B this off-season, they replaced him by signing a Plan B player off the Colts' roster, Pat Beach. Matich is an offensive lineman and Beach a tight end. Seem odd?

In this age of specialization in pro football, Matich and Beach share the same all-important job: long snapper.

Does anyone else find the emphasis on long snappers just a bit absurd? Shouldn't the center, who snaps the ball five yards deep in a shotgun formation, be able to snap the ball seven yards deep on placekicks and 12 or 15 yards on punts?

Long snappers aren't the only problem. We also have pass rushers who only play on third-and-long situations; offensive linemen who only come in for short-yardage running plays; and one kicker to handle placements and another to handle kickoffs.

Long snappers, however, are the ultimate example of this specialization excess. They've already earned their own place on the depth chart. What's next, a Pro Bowl berth?

"If there's a kid out there in college that has the ability to long snap," says Joe Theismann, "he's looking at at least a 10-year career in the National Football League, [earning] in excess of between $75,000 and $150,00 a year."

THE OTHER RICE & TAYLOR

Former 49ers offensive coordinator Mike Holmgren left a great deal of talent behind when he moved on to become head coach of the Green Bay Packers, but at least he'll still have Rice and Taylor.

Unfortunately, they aren't Jerry Rice and John Taylor, the 49ers' receiving duo that made Holmgren's job that much easier in San Francisco, but rather running back Allen Rice and receiver Kitrick Taylor. What's the difference, you ask? While Jerry and John combined for 2,217 yards of offense and 23 touchdowns last season, Allen and Kitrick tallied 328 yards and no touchdowns.

TIMELY COINCIDENCE?

When the owners voted in April to keep the 17-week 1992 schedule intact rather than stretch it to 18 weeks with two byes per team as had been planned, chances are they ensured yet another Super Bowl blowout.

An 18-week schedule would have meant just one week between the conference title games and the Super Bowl, but the shorter season means we're back to the usual two-week media blitz, which has been the case for all but three Super Bowls (IV, XVII and XXV).

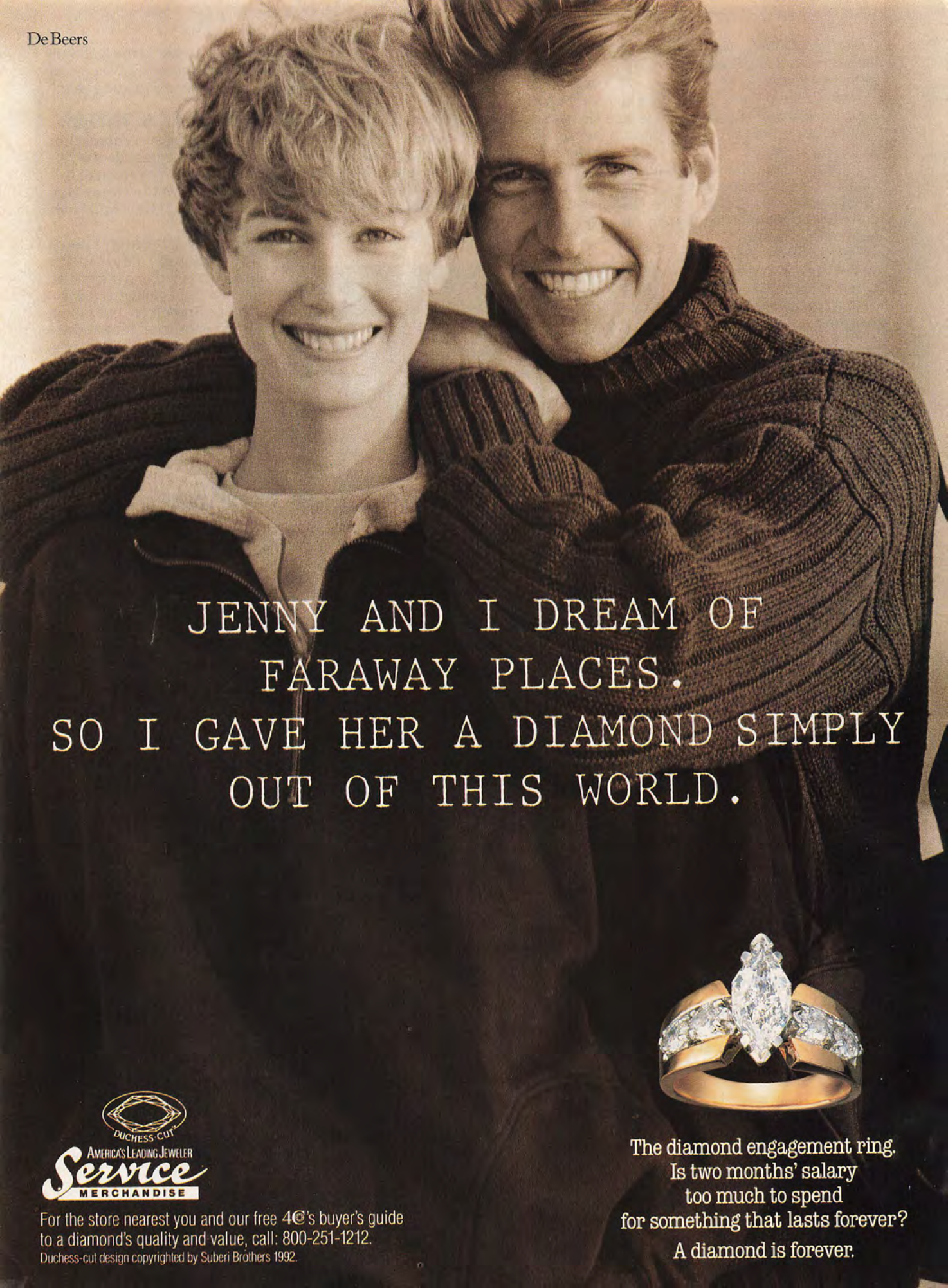
The average score of the three games in which teams only had one week to prepare: 23-14. Average score of the other 23 Super Bowls: 30-13.★

NFL TRAINING CAMP '92 LOGO BY KEVIN CONRAN

LOUIS A.R. AYNOR

Unlike most, Swilling benefited from restricted free agency.

De Beers



JENNY AND I DREAM OF
FARAWAY PLACES.
SO I GAVE HER A DIAMOND SIMPLY
OUT OF THIS WORLD.

The diamond engagement ring.
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too much to spend
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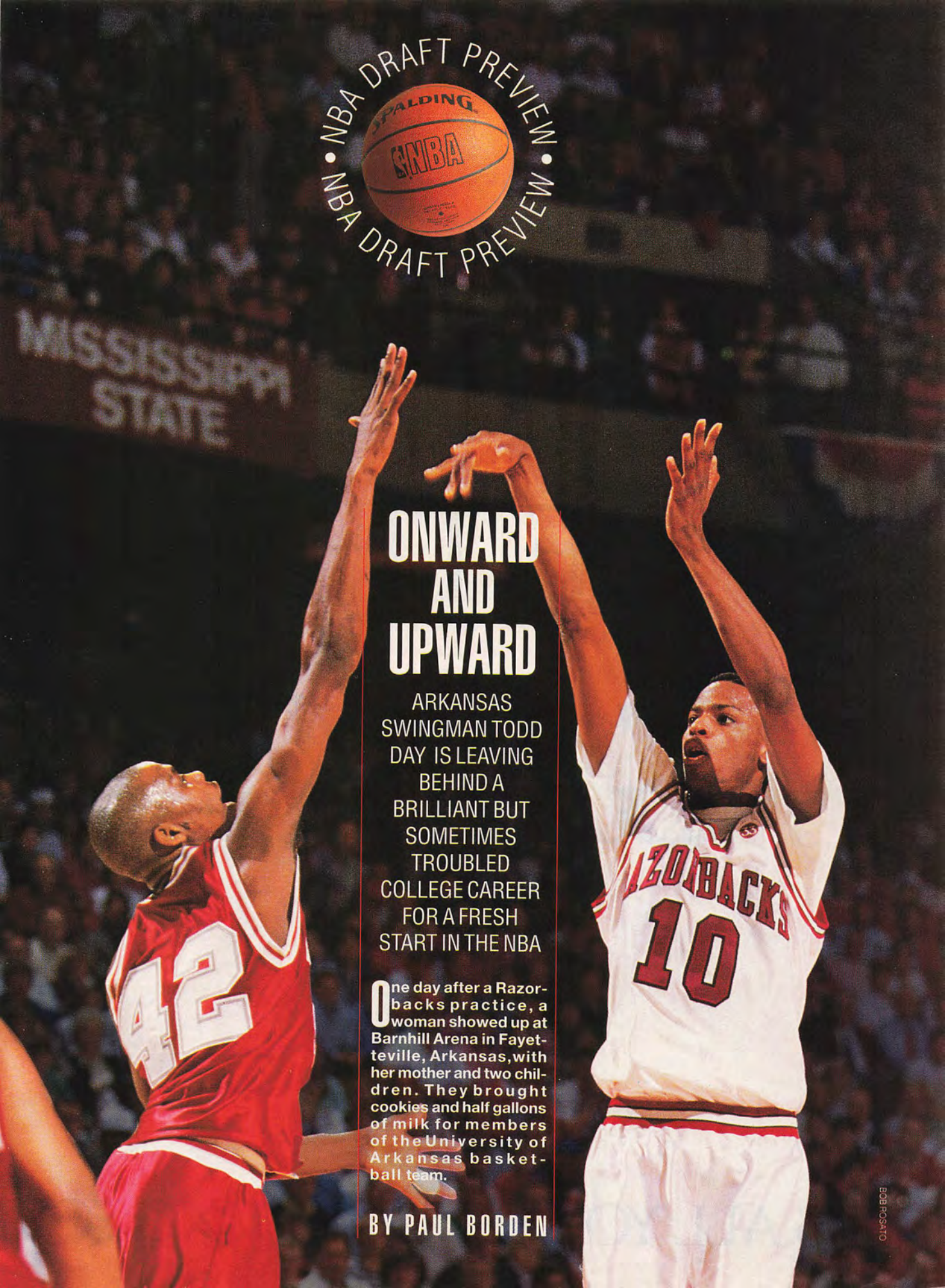


ONWARD AND UPWARD

ARKANSAS SWINGMAN TODD DAY IS LEAVING BEHIND A BRILLIANT BUT SOMETIMES TROUBLED COLLEGE CAREER FOR A FRESH START IN THE NBA

One day after a Razorbacks practice, a woman showed up at Barnhill Arena in Fayetteville, Arkansas, with her mother and two children. They brought cookies and half gallons of milk for members of the University of Arkansas basketball team.

BY PAUL BORDEN

BOB ROSATO

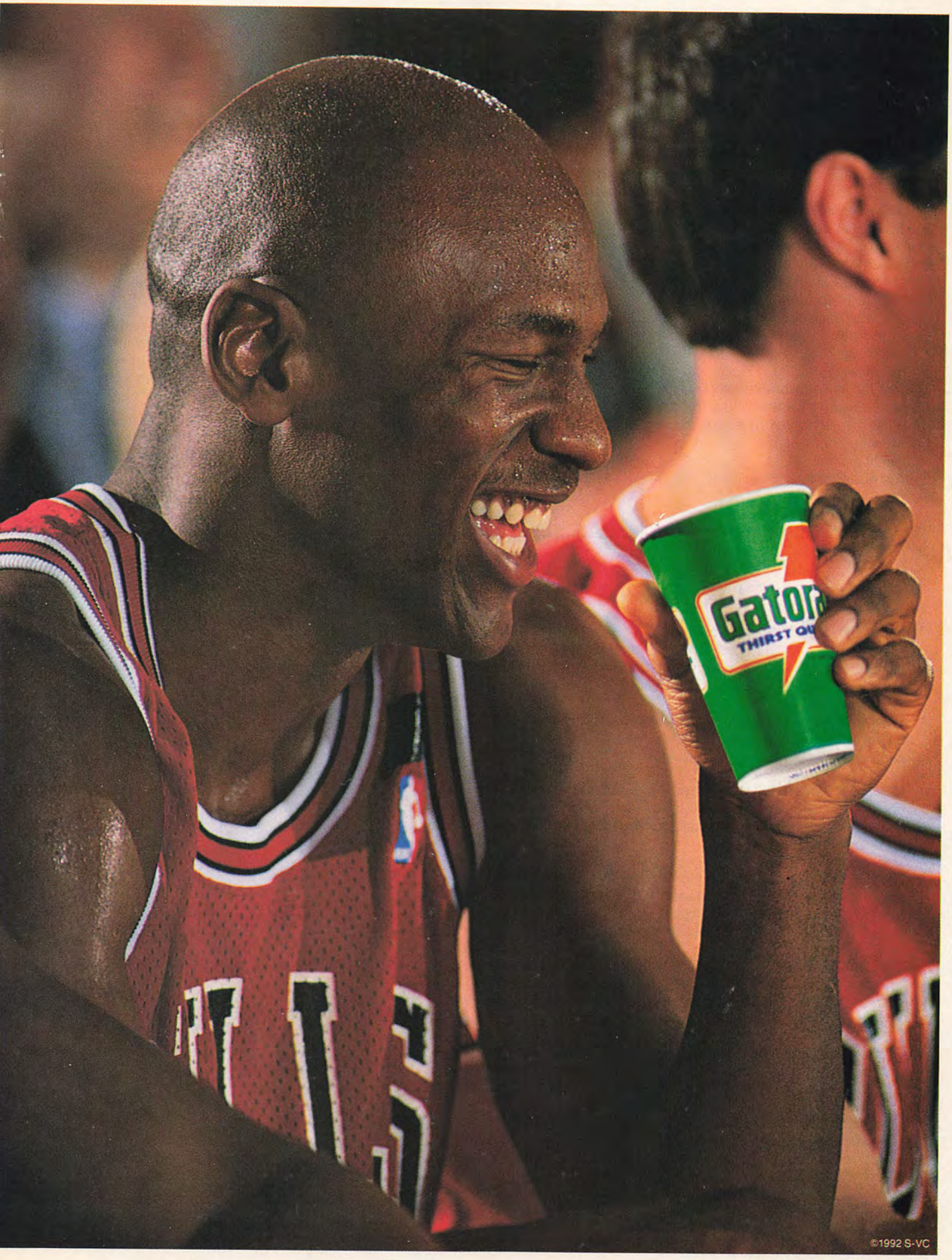
FOR THE LOVE OF THE GAME

Every great athlete feels the pressure to perform.

But it takes something special inside to be like Mike.

Gatorade. For the fluids, minerals, and energy you need.

IT'S ALL YOU'RE THIRSTING FOR™


Gator
THIRST QU
©1992 S-VC

The players thanked the visitors, then retreated to the locker room to enjoy the treat.

All but one player, that is.

One stuck around and talked to the two preschool children, a boy and a girl. He posed for pictures. He answered questions. He generally gave them more attention than they expected.

The player?

Todd Day.

Troy Abel is a building custodian at Barnhill. Because of an unusual foot condition, he cannot wear athletic shoes unless they are first broken in. One of the Arkansas players wears the same-sized shoe. After a break-in period of a few practices, he turns over his shoes to Abel.

The player?

Todd Day.

Last fall, a Razorbacks player organized a daylong basketball clinic for several hundred youngsters at the Fayetteville Youth Center.

The player?

You guessed it.

Todd Day.

This thoughtful, generous side of the sharpshooting guard/forward went

SLEEPERS

ALEX BLACKWELL, *forward*, **Monmouth**: This 6-foot-7, 240-pounder's name should be Alex Blacksmith. He has one of basketball's best upper bodies and could help some teams inside. He lit up Murray State's Popeye Jones for 26 points and nine rebounds as a senior, and averaged 18.4 points and 8.3 rebounds a game.

ERIC MANUEL, *forward*, **Oklahoma City**: You may remember this 6-7, 235-pound bull from Eddie Sutton's fast-and-loose recruiting days at Kentucky. Well, he starred on the two-time NAIA champs (38-0 this year), averaging 14.4 points and 5.9 rebounds a game, and could be a Charles Oakley who can score.

STEVE ROGERS, *guard*, **Alabama State**: This two-time Southwest Athletic Conference Player of the Year amassed 2,447 career points and was among the top five NCAA Division I scorers three straight years. A 6-5 shooting guard with NBA three-point range, Rogers averaged 27.3 points in '91-92.

TONY SMITH, *guard*, **Pfeiffer (N.C.)**: At only 5-8, Smith is a sleeper of the Rip Van Winkle variety, but his game is wide awake. He is the all-time collegiate career three-point field-goal leader (at any level) with 431, and he averaged 30.1 points and 10.0 assists a game in 1991-92. Smith may be small, but he's quick, can score and may be worth a gamble.

RANDY WOODS, *guard*, **LaSalle**: He's quick. He's brash. He can fill it up. He plays in-your-face defense. But he's only 5-11, and that's not the classic prescription for an NBA 2 guard. Still, his ballhandling skills are above average, and he averaged 27.3 points a game.

—Michael Bradley

ATLANTIC DIVISION

BOSTON CELTICS: No secrets here. The Celtics' front line is older than dirt. Stanford forward Adam Keefe (pictured right) is the kind of do-everything hard-worker that Red Auerbach loves. Pencil him in at pick No. 21.

MIAMI HEAT: The Heat need a power forward to complete an impressive starting lineup. They'll gamble on 6-11 Arizona underachiever Sean Rooks with their 12th pick.

NEW JERSEY NETS: Willis Reed looks across the river and hopes a second-round pick will land him St. John's 6-8 Malik Sealy to fill a big hole at small forward. (Denver has New Jersey's first-round pick.)

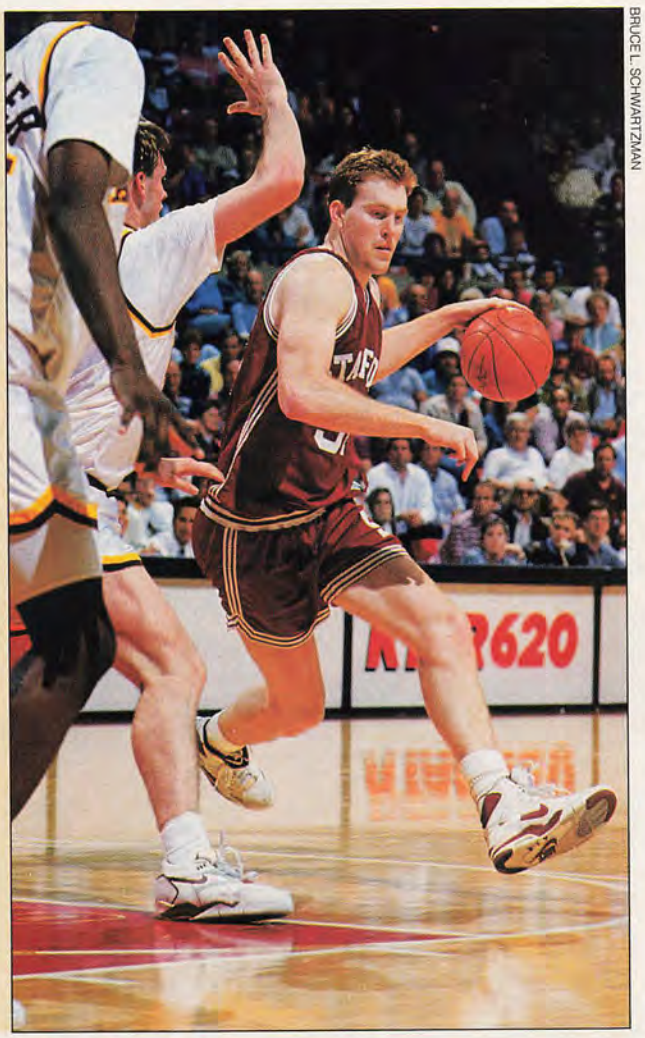
NEW YORK KNICKS: If Xavier McDaniel goes the free-agent route (and even if he doesn't), the Knicks will need help at the 3 (small forward) spot. North Carolina State's slick 6-9 forward Tom Gugliotta fits nicely at pick No. 20.

ORLANDO MAGIC: Duke's Christian Laettner will do just fine down in Central Florida. Of course, a lottery win could reunite Shaquille O'Neal with former LSU teammate Stanley Roberts or give the Magic some trading leverage.

PHILADELPHIA 76ERS: The Sixers need some strength and power up front, and Southern Mississippi workhorse Clarence Weatherspoon will be available in the lottery.

WASHINGTON BULLETS: Pervis Ellison is nice, but the Bullets need more in the middle. Spending its lottery pick on UNLV late-bloomer Elmore Spencer would allow Washington to move Ellison to power forward, where he belongs.

—M.B.



BRUCE L. SCHWARTZMAN

mostly unnoticed during his four years at Arkansas.

When folks thought of Day, and this includes probably a majority of Razorbacks fans themselves, they remembered the cocky, brash, skinny kid who came to Fayetteville as a freshman and couldn't keep his mouth shut on the court.

Day learned to curb his tongue and canned the trash talking by his senior season, but that mattered not. First impressions last, and Day, unlike Lee Mayberry, the Razorbacks' staid, workmanlike point guard, did not make a good first impression.

"Nobody around here knows Todd," says Arkansas coach Nolan Richardson. "Todd, as a young kid, came in here cocky. Everybody likes a Lee Mayberry, quiet, never saying anything, though even then they complain about him because he doesn't open his mouth.

"But Todd came in and talked. He talked a good game, and most of the time he went out and played a good game. [But] what is trash talking? You can just say, 'Hey, that's in your face,' and is that trash talking? Shoot, they say that to each other every day in practice, and they're friends. 'In your face.' They say that on the playground. That ain't trash talking. That's just part of the game.

"But he got that reputation of being a talker back then, and by the time he was a senior, he could have been an altar boy and it wouldn't have made any difference."

Day is no altar boy, but neither is he the problem child many regard him as because of his off-the-court problems.

Near the end of his junior season, Day was involved in an athletic-dorm incident in which a 34-year-old woman alleged that she had been sexually assaulted. Day and three teammates admitted having sex with the woman but said that it was with her consent. No charges were filed, but Day and the three others were suspended for the first month of the ensuing season.

Then last summer, just a few months after the dormitory affair, Day found himself involved in an alleged cheating scandal. Answers to a 10-point biology quiz had been passed around a table at which he was sitting. Sources—the campus judiciary board operates in closed session—have said that Day was not involved, but, nevertheless, an extra month was added to his suspension. Day wasn't eligible to play until January 2.

He eventually played in 22 of Arkansas' 34 games, averaging a team-high 22.7 points per game on 49.9-percent shooting.

"I think all this just made me realize that basketball takes you just as far as your last game," Day says of his experiences. "Things can happen.

"I felt like I put too much trust in some people, especially around the community and the university. But there's only one negative thing about my four years here, and that is that

CENTRAL DIVISION

ATLANTA HAWKS: The Hawks need help at center and in the backcourt. If they don't get an impact big man, they'll choose Missouri gunner Anthony Peeler (pictured right).

CHARLOTTE HORNETS: The Hornets get another year in the lottery and should grab Notre Dame forward LaPhonso Ellis, who would look nice opposite Larry Johnson.

CHICAGO BULLS: One of the problems with winning all the time is a poor draft slot. The Bulls need depth at forward and a little pop off the bench. Local hero David Booth of DePaul fills both needs.

CLEVELAND CAVALIERS: The Cavaliers are a swingman away from seriously threatening Chicago's hold on the Eastern Conference. Kansas' Alonzo Jamison would allow Craig Ehlo to come off the bench again.

DETROIT PISTONS: The Pistons need to start adding some young talent. From the 19th slot they'll take Syracuse forward Dave Johnson to score while Dennis Rodman rebounds.

INDIANA PACERS: Since they won't get a big-time center from the 14th spot, the Pacers will go with smooth Arkansas point guard Lee Mayberry, who'll provide much-needed backcourt depth.

MILWAUKEE BUCKS: He's not going to like the weather too much, but UCLA's Don MacLean is heading north as a lottery pick to score points in Milwaukee. *—M.B.*

BRUCE I. SCHWARTZMAN

when times got hard, even though the police had no evidence, I still was punished for a crime I didn't commit.

"That's like sitting in jail and you didn't commit the crime. That's hard to deal with. I think I took it in a positive way and tried to change."

Now, Day is a mature player who doesn't whine when a foul call goes against him and costs him the potential winning basket in a two-point loss, as was the case in a game at Alabama last season. He doesn't gloat after a victory, and he says the right things after a defeat.

"I had no preconception about Todd Day either way because I had not seen him play that much," says Mississippi State coach Richard Williams. "But both games we had with them, I saw nothing but positive things."

Day had game highs of 27 points and eight rebounds for the Razorbacks in the game at Starkville, Mississippi. Williams made a point of stopping Day to congratulate him after that 84-76 Razorbacks victory. They parted smiling.

"I didn't see anything negative about Todd Day, about his attitude or his conduct," Williams says. "I saw a player who enjoyed playing the game and competing to win, a very good 6-foot-7-or-so player who is tremendously skilled.

"I'd love to have a Todd Day on my team. He's very good, he enjoys the game and is competitive. I like Todd Day as a basketball player. Who wouldn't?"

Pro scouts certainly like him. Sacramento Kings scout Jim Hadnot called Day the best player on the floor after Arkansas beat Alabama 90-87 in their return match at Fayetteville. That included a Crimson Tide group which boasted Robert Horry, Latrell Sprewell and James Robinson, along with Razorbacks Mayberry and Oliver Miller.

One scouting report projected Day as the third choice in the upcoming NBA draft, behind LSU's Shaquille O'Neal and Georgetown center Alonzo Mourning.

"I have no idea where he'll go in the draft and won't until after our camp in Chicago," says Marty Blake, director of scouting for the National Basketball Association. "Nobody else does either. But it's safe to say he'll be a lottery pick."

Day can play off guard or small forward. At Arkansas, Day started games on the wing, where he could pepper opponents with his three-point shooting (57 of 133, 42.9 percent for the season and a school-record 226 three-pointers in his career). He can even play the point, and he also has the size to move inside and play with his back to the basket. He averaged 7.0 rebounds a game as a senior.

"I think Todd is going to make a good pro," says Richardson, perhaps understating the case a bit. "As skinny as he may seem, he's pretty strong. And he's got a big heart. That's part of what makes him as good as he is. He believes in himself. Other guys you have to pump. You don't have to pump Todd."

Day, in fact, thinks the NBA game is better suited to his freewheeling style, both offensively and defensively.

"Versatility, being able to do more than one thing," Day answers when asked to describe himself as a player. "The pros—I think they take a lot more gambles, and that's the type person I am. My defense will really pick up in the NBA.

"I'm a guy who has a nose for the ball, like all college scorers, [is] able to

MIDWEST DIVISION

DALLAS MAVERICKS: What don't the Mavs need? Unless they get lucky and win the O'Neal drawing, the Mavs will go for Georgetown he-man Alonzo Mourning early.

DENVER NUGGETS: The Nuggets build on their Dikembe Mutombo foundation by selecting Oklahoma State bruiser Byron Houston early on. Should the Nuggets win the lottery, they'll build on their O'Neal foundation and deal Mutombo to the highest bidder.

HOUSTON ROCKETS: The Rockets could use a little more offensive firepower and versatility, and Todd Day would be a nice fit.

MINNESOTA TIMBERWOLVES: If there is any justice, O'Neal (pictured right) lands here. If there isn't, the Wolves will go for Mourning.

SAN ANTONIO SPURS: The Spurs need some backcourt offense, and Connecticut guard Chris Smith specializes in scoring.

UTAH JAZZ: Blue Edwards is not getting it done at small forward, so the Jazz turn to Alabama's Robert Horry at pick No. 23.

—M.B.

BRUCE L. SCHWARTZMAN

DAVID L. JOHNSON/ACTION IMAGES

find the ball, able to score more than one way."

Day already has an idea of what to expect in the NBA; he's been playing against pro-level players in Memphis, his hometown, since he was 14. He's had to earn his due shooting bombs over the likes of Memphis State stars Keith Lee, Andre Turner and William Bedford. As a member of the U.S. team that competed in the Goodwill Games and the World Championships in the summer of 1990, Day, coming off his sophomore year, played with more experienced players.

"Myself, personally, I have to be prepared for the mental part of it," Day says of his NBA future. "Being a rookie, everybody is going to [test] you and try to mess you up. In that type of competition, I have to keep my concentration and my head up."

And, of course, his mouth shut.

"For the most part, all the so-called trash talking Todd has done he could back up," says one NBA scout who saw him play about a half dozen times last winter. "Once he goes into the NBA, he'll be going against players who are [more] talented than what he's been playing against.

"He's going to be playing against players who are a lot better than he is. If he has a tendency to work his mouth against a Michael Jordan, Jordan's just going to glare at him and get about 50 off him, and that's going to destroy him."

But that same scout is quick to point out that he has seen a change in Day's demeanor. He sees the off-court troubles as having no real impact on his draft status or his future.

"Everybody is taking a good hard look at him," the scout says. "In retrospect, I'd say a lot of it was a lot of immaturity. His first couple of years on campus, he was having good times, and he may have overdone it a bit. I'm not sure that reputation hurts him now. He has shown signs of maturity, and I think Nolan did a good job of making him aware of things."

The maturation of his star swingman this past season did not go unnoticed by Richardson.

"I didn't see him talk as much this year," Richardson says, "because I think he was trying to do what everybody wanted him to be like."

Which, of course, was a nice guy. Day acknowledges that he engaged in a little people pleasing; after all, he had to sell some discriminating customers—namely, those nervous NBA types.

"Like after the Alabama game, I called home and was talking to some of my friends," Day says, "and they were like, 'Man, you wasn't talkin' smack.' Usually, if I have a good game like that, I'm going off. I just told 'em there's other people looking at me now. The game is not just fun anymore. It's like a business. It's what I'm going to do for a living."★

Paul Borden is a free-lance writer based in Fayetteville, Arkansas.

PACIFIC DIVISION

GOLDEN STATE WARRIORS: The Warriors can run and score like no other NBA team, but they need some inside bulk. Murray State's 6-8, 265-pound reboundaholic Popeye Jones has bulk.

LOS ANGELES CLIPPERS: Unless they trade their two picks to Dallas for Derek Harper, the Clips will go for size in slot 16 with Arkansas' hefty Oliver Miller and speed at No. 25 (from Cleveland) with Loyola Marymount scorer Terrell Lowery.

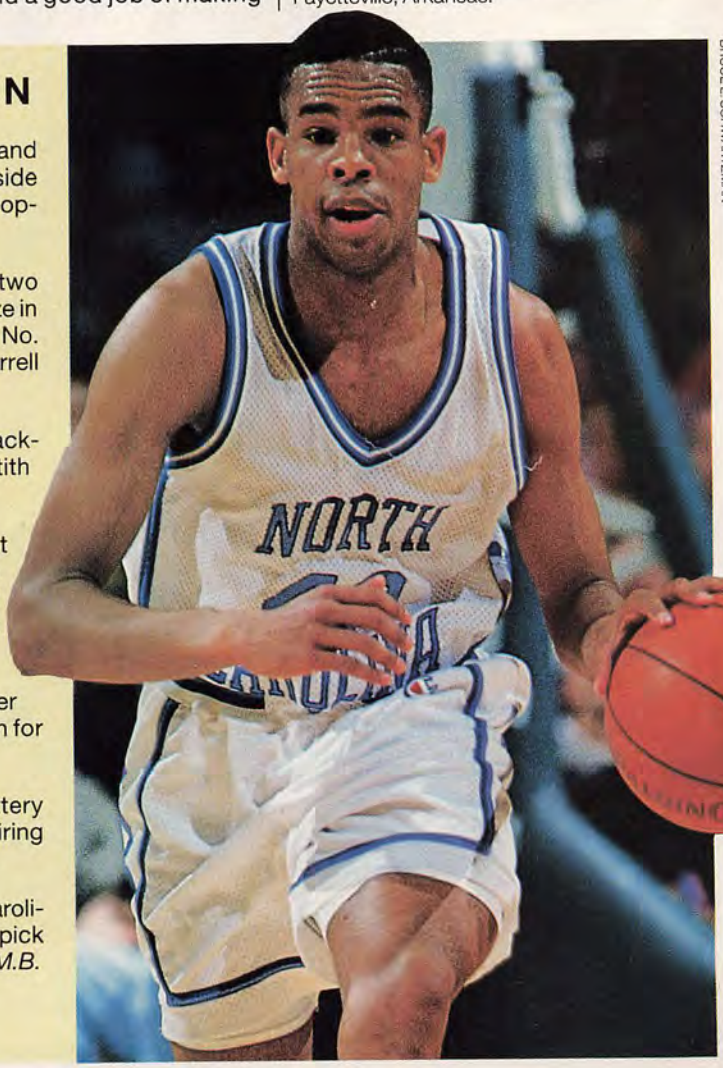
LOS ANGELES LAKERS: Backcourt, backcourt, backcourt. The Lakers take Virginia's 6-5 scorer Bryant Stith with pick 15.

PHOENIX SUNS: The Suns could use a center, but they'll be too far down at No. 22 to get a good one. So it's backcourt depth and Georgia's Litterial Green. If they go big, the Suns could select Georgia Tech's Matt Geiger.

PORTLAND TRAIL BLAZERS: St. John's 6-11 center Robert Werdann will provide some nice competition for Kevin Duckworth and should be around at No. 26.

SACRAMENTO KINGS: The Kings will use their lottery pick to create a tremendous backcourt combo by pairing 6-8 Maryland star Walt Williams with Mitch Richmond.

SEATTLE SUPERSONICS: The Sonics take North Carolina shooting guard Hubert Davis (pictured right) with pick No. 17 and return Ricky Pierce to his sixth-man slot.—*M.B.*



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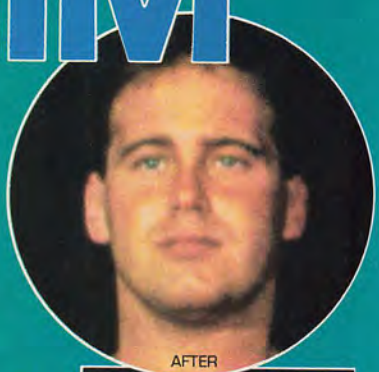

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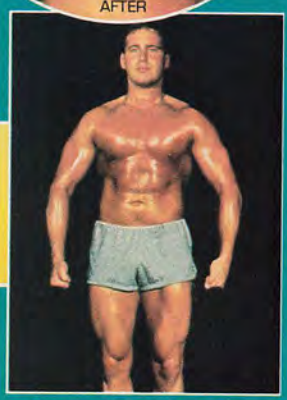

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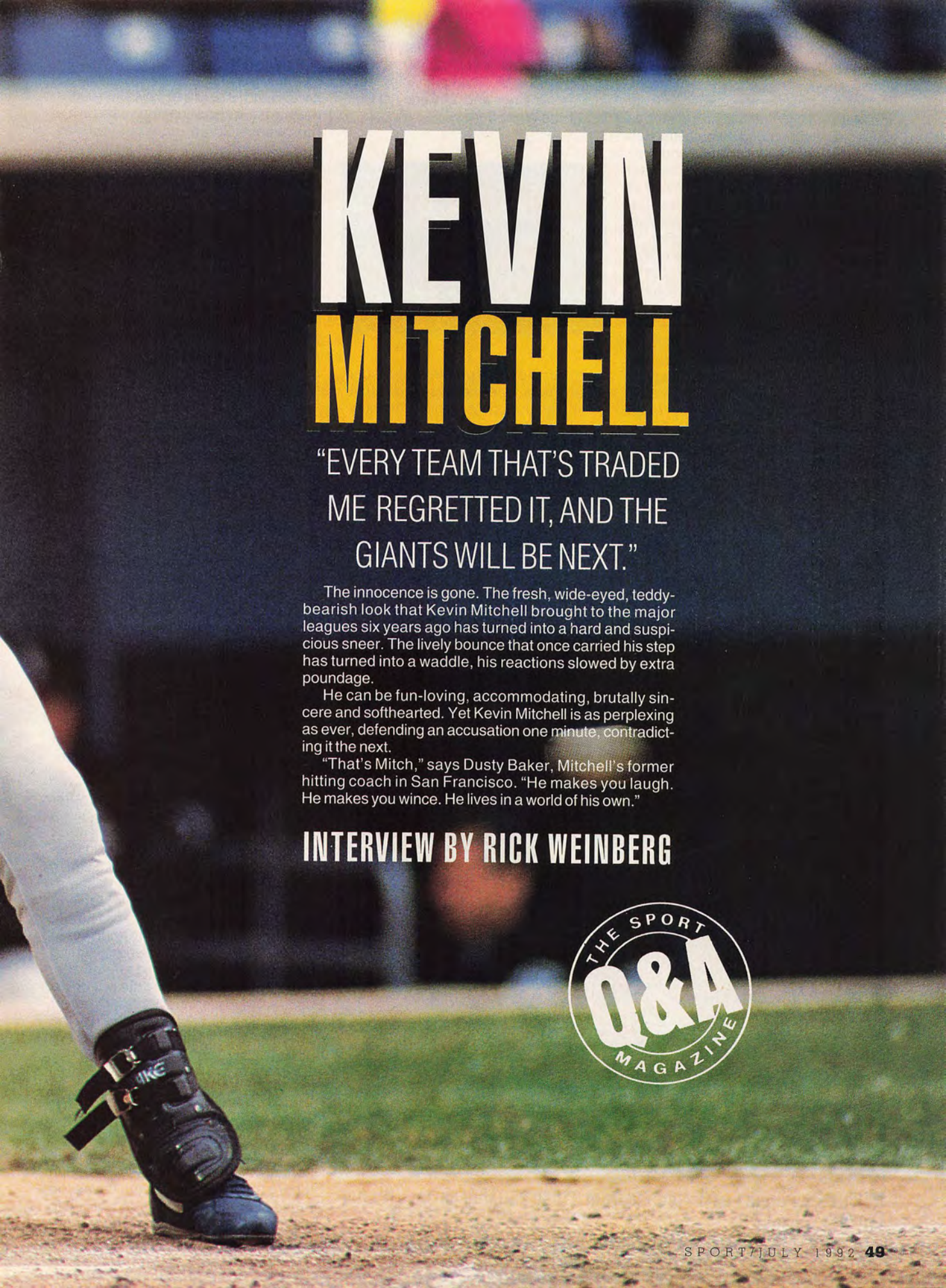
DAVID WALBERG



KEVIN MITCHELL

"EVERY TEAM THAT'S TRADED ME REGRETTED IT, AND THE GIANTS WILL BE NEXT."

The innocence is gone. The fresh, wide-eyed, teddy-bearish look that Kevin Mitchell brought to the major leagues six years ago has turned into a hard and suspicious sneer. The lively bounce that once carried his step has turned into a waddle, his reactions slowed by extra poundage.

He can be fun-loving, accommodating, brutally sincere and softhearted. Yet Kevin Mitchell is as perplexing as ever, defending an accusation one minute, contradicting it the next.

"That's Mitch," says Dusty Baker, Mitchell's former hitting coach in San Francisco. "He makes you laugh. He makes you wince. He lives in a world of his own."

INTERVIEW BY RICK WEINBERG

THE SPORT Q&A MAGAZINE

His world, always chaotic and eventful, is rapidly changing, for better and for worse.

He broke into the majors for good with the Mets in 1986 and told horror stories of his old neighborhood in southeast San Diego, of gang violence, drugs and murder. He was Davey Johnson's interchangeable part that season, playing all three outfield positions, first and third base, and shortstop. He helped the Mets win the '86 World Series. Of course, he had to be pulled off the clubhouse telephone, pantsless, no less, in the 10th inning of Game 6 to contribute a pinch single in the infamous sequence remembered mainly for Bill Buckner's gaffe.

Six weeks later, Mitchell was traded to his hometown team, the Padres. But before the All-Star break even arrived, he was packing again, this time for San Francisco, where he suddenly transformed himself into one of baseball's premier home-run hitters. He rocked baseball in 1989 by chasing Roger Maris' home-run record; he had 31 homers and 81 RBI at the break and wound up with 47 homers, 125 RBI, a .291 average and the National League's Most Valuable Player Award. He went on to hit .353 with two homers in the NL Championship Series against the Cubs and .294 against Oakland in the World Series.

"I don't think of myself as a guy who causes bad chemistry. Some people do, but they're wrong. I'm a good guy."

But that's when problems surfaced, when the innocence began to vanish, when a reputation more suited for a street hood evolved. "Everything was all right," Mitchell says today, "until I hit those 47 homers and won MVP."

The price of fame is steep, and everything Mitchell did, every place he went, everyone he associated with made news. Usually bad news.

Problems began to outweigh production, and even though Mitchell slugged 35 homers and hit .290 with 93 RBI in 1990—despite bone chips floating around in his right wrist—Giants management was rapidly losing patience. By midseason last year, Mitchell was being shopped around, signaling the end of the Will Clark-Mitchell-Matt Williams troika, affectionately known as the Pacific Sock Exchange.

When one of Mitchell's boyhood friends was arrested on a murder charge in the Candlestick Park parking lot in September, Giants general manager Al Rosen had had it. So, on December 11 of last year, less than two weeks after Mitchell was arrested on a rape charge that was later dropped, Rosen traded the majors' No. 1 home-run man over the last three seasons to Seattle, then leveled one of the most vicious verbal attacks on a player in recent memory. He called Mitchell a fat, lazy malingerer who hung out with criminals and had to be stroked to play. Mitchell shrugged it off, refusing to get drawn into a war of words.

"Al Rosen," he says with a sheepish grin, "is a smart man. He traded me to the American League."

Before getting down to business with SPORT, Mitchell was playfully boxing Ken Griffey Jr. in the middle of the Mariners' clubhouse. Wearing only underwear, the 5-foot-11 Mitchell, now up to 250 pounds, resembled, sadly, a sumo wrestler. On Kirby Puckett, a little beef looks good. On Kevin Mitchell, it's a painful glimpse into a future that betrays the great promise of the past.

SPORT: Mitch, Seattle's your fourth club in six-plus years. Isn't a bad pattern developing here?

MITCHELL: Yeah, it's not very pretty. No one likes to be traded, and I've been through it now three times. But I don't think—and I mean this—that I did anything wrong to get traded. I'm entitled to live my life the way I want, and if someone doesn't like it, that's their problem, not mine. Getting traded three times, yeah, it bothers me, but this trade made sense. San Francisco needed pitching badly—and didn't want me around anymore anyway—and Seattle needed a right-handed cleanup hitter with power to hit behind Junior [Griffey Jr.]. I fit the bill. I'm glad too. This is the happiest I've been in a few years.

SPORT: Why? What's so special about this place?

MITCHELL: I'm having fun, that's why. Loads of fun. It's been great here. Perfect. There's a tremendous attitude here, tremendous chemistry. It's much looser than San Francisco. It was too tense over there. Everyone's afraid to make a mistake. Over here, the manag-

DAVID WALBERG

Mitchell's weight has ballooned from 210 to 250, but he says it's not fat; "it's muscle."

DON SMITH

Though Mitchell contends the media has turned his name to dirt, he's usually accommodating.

er [Bill Plummer] has created a nice, relaxed atmosphere.

SPORT: Will it last?

MITCHELL: No reason why not. We've got great talent. We expect to win the American League West—and that's no joke. We've got one of the best one-through-six hitters in baseball. Harold Reynolds. Edgar Martinez, a magician with the bat. Junior. No one has more talent than Junior, and he's so much fun to play with; he makes you look forward to coming to the park. There's me, Jay Buhner, Pete O'Brien. We're solid. We've got solid starters in [Erik] Hanson, [Randy] Johnson, [Russ] Swan, and one of the best closers, Mike Schooler.

SPORT: Considering your past, aren't you afraid of ruining that chemistry? Or are you making a conscious effort to lay low?

MITCHELL: No, I'm not doing anything different, and I don't think of myself as a guy who causes bad chemistry. Some people do, but they're wrong. I'm a good guy. It's too bad people don't think of me that way.

SPORT: How can they when you associate with criminals and get arrested yourself?

MITCHELL: Listen, that guy arrested at Candlestick, Kyle Winters, is one of my closest friends, and if he says he didn't do it [commit murder], I believe him. He was trying to straighten out his life at the time of the arrest. He was heading back to San Diego, driving my Jeep to my house, when he was arrested. He wasn't on the run. He was going to straighten himself out.

SPORT: Where's he now?

MITCHELL: Jail. But he'll get out. When they find the person who did it.

"My name's mud. It's in the gutter. It's to the point where nothing can help."

SPORT: What about that rape charge against you last November?

MITCHELL: What's on my arm?

SPORT: A tattoo. The name Linda on it.

MITCHELL: That's the girl [who filed rape charges]. She found out I was marrying someone else, came to my house, and we got into an argument. I didn't do anything. Never touched her. She had me arrested because she was mad.

SPORT: Why does your life seem like it's in complete chaos?

MITCHELL: It's not. I've got a great life. I'm having fun.

SPORT: But something always seems to happen to you, like trouble smells you coming and latches on to you. Don't you feel that way?

MITCHELL: No. Sometimes I'm in the wrong place at the wrong time. Right before camp, I was at a club, and a fight broke out. I had nothing to do with it, but, as usual, my name was in the papers, like I caused it. I was in there for two minutes, saying bye to some friends. That's all. I could be at a grocery store, and a fight could break out. I don't even have to be involved, but my name will be mentioned.

SPORT: Your reputation has taken quite a beating, huh?

MITCHELL: Damn right. I'm a carefree, easygoing guy, but every story about me ties me to my old neighborhood, gangs, drugs, violence. I was never in a gang. I never used drugs. I'm no shooter. I've never even handled a gun. People have never taken the time to get to know me, and that's why my reputation is so bad.

SPORT: You could hire a PR firm to change your image, couldn't you?

MITCHELL: Ha! It wouldn't work. My

name's mud. It's in the gutter. It's to the point where nothing can help. It's too late. I've been buried so many times, no one would believe anything I said. I'd like to speak out against gang violence and drugs, but how? My name's dirt. People would laugh. Every time my name's mentioned, it's usually associated with something bad. You should hear some of the things fans yell at me from the stands. Terrible, vicious things.

SPORT: Like what?

MITCHELL: They're so bad, I'd rather not say. I'd rather not even think about it. It hurts.

SPORT: Just one example.

MITCHELL: OK. Some guy was yelling just the other day: "Hey, Mitchell, I've got a bar you can fight in. You can get arrested at my bar, Mitchell." And that's one of the nicer things.

SPORT: Are you surprised that just three seasons removed from your MVP season you've reached such a low point that Seattle was the only club interested in you at the time of the trade?

MITCHELL: First of all, after my MVP season, I hit 35 home runs with bone chips in my wrist, and last year I hit 27 [in just 113 games]. No one's hit more home runs than me the last three years. If that's bad, I'd like to know what's good. There's nothing wrong with me. Go ask the Giants what's wrong with them.

SPORT: You tell me.

MITCHELL: They worry too much about other people when they should be concerned with themselves.

SPORT: But they signed your paychecks. Shouldn't they worry about where you are, who your friends are?

MITCHELL: Who my friends are is none of their concern. I love my friends, the guys I grew up with. They're the ones who know me, understand me, stand behind me. They don't care if I hit 47 home runs or three. They don't care if I make $3 million or $3. I'd never turn my back on them.... Anyway, what's that you said about the Mariners being the only team interested in me?

SPORT: What, that's not true?

MITCHELL: No. There were other teams interested.

SPORT: Like who?

MITCHELL: That's confidential. But, believe me, I know there were other teams that wanted me.

SPORT: Name one.

MITCHELL: OK, Kansas City.

SPORT: What, you for Bret Saberhagen straight up?

MITCHELL: No, [Kevin] Appier and [Tom] Gordon were mentioned.... But, hey, I really don't want to talk about that. I'm just glad I ended up here with Seattle.

SPORT: Do you feel that if you screw up one more time, you'll be through, out of baseball for good?

MITCHELL: See, there it is again. I haven't screwed up. I haven't done anything wrong, I don't plan on doing anything wrong, and I'm not going to change my life for anyone. You never hear about me trashing the dugout or locker room, getting into a fight with fans or teammates. Why wouldn't anyone want me? Every team that's traded me regretted it, and the Giants will be next.

SPORT: So are you upset at Rosen for ripping you the way he did?

MITCHELL: No. It's not me to be mad, to hold grudges. I don't even think about what Al Rosen said, and I don't care about what he said. That door's closed. I'm leaving it closed. If someone's not man enough to say what they have to say to my face, it's OK. I just hope they have piece of mind.

SPORT: Great approach. Where'd you learn to be that way?

MITCHELL: I've always been that way. That's my nature—carefree, easygoing.

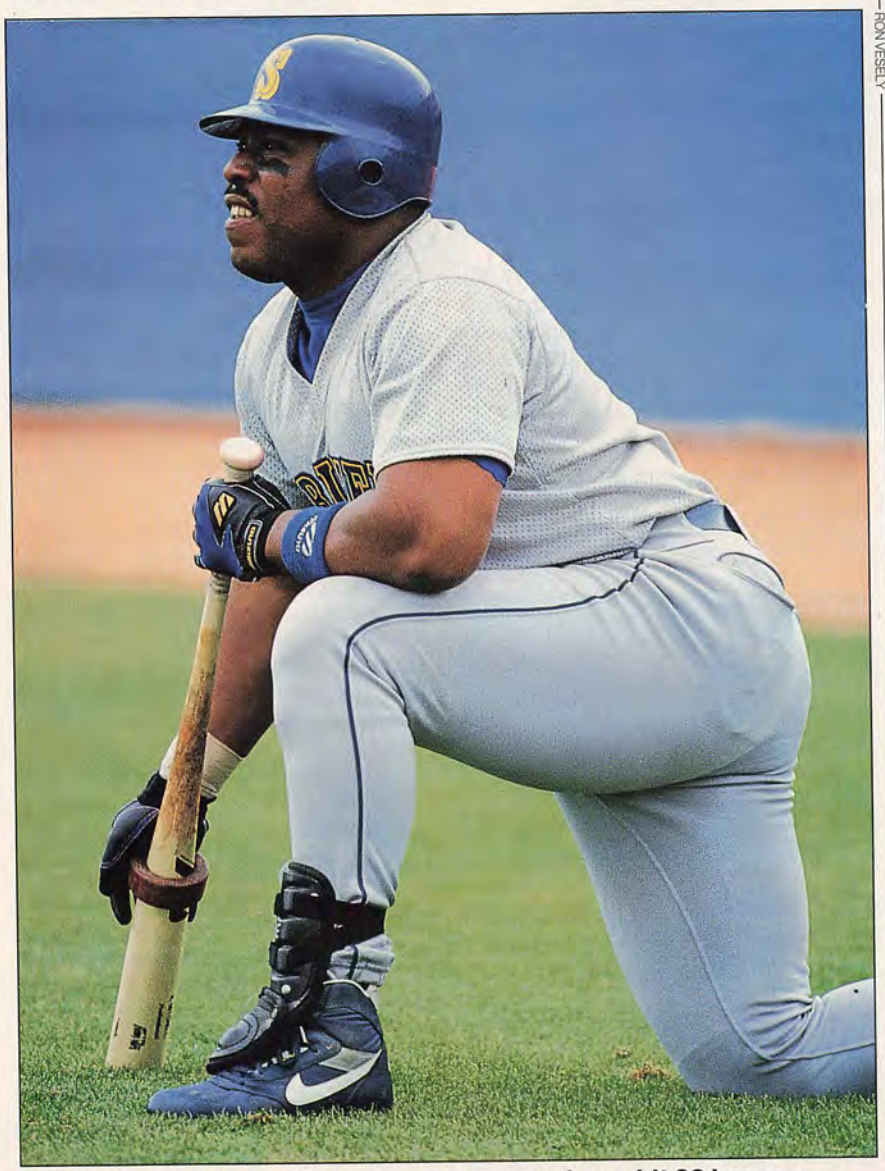
SPORT: Do you think Seattle will be the last stop on the Kevin Mitchell Traveling Major League Tour?

MITCHELL (smiles): I think so. My time is almost up anyway.

SPORT: What do you mean, your time's almost up?

MITCHELL: Just what I said. My time's almost up. There's younger kids in the system waiting to take over.

SPORT: But this is only your seventh



RON VESELY

Mitchell wants to do what no man has ever done: hit 62 homers.

big-league season.

MITCHELL: I'm tired of all the headaches, sick of being in the papers, sick of people making mud of my name and my family's. I'm tired of all the stuff I gotta go through just because I'm Kevin Mitchell, baseball player.

SPORT: So how much longer will you play? Three years? That's how much you have left on your contract.

MITCHELL: I don't know. One day, I might wake up and say, "Hey, that's it.... I'm through."

SPORT: It'd be that easy?

MITCHELL: Yeah. Just like it's easy for people to give me a bad rap. It's easy for me to let go. I can only go so far with this thing, can only take so much.

SPORT: But don't you want to wrap up your career at home in San Diego?

MITCHELL: That'd be nice; I've dreamed about it. I love it there. I've done a lot of damage in San Diego. I've hit a ton there. Like last year, when I opened the season there and homered in the first three games.

SPORT: Having been traded in the middle of a multiyear deal, you have the right to demand a trade. Will you?

MITCHELL: Can't say. I'm really happy here. Everyone's treated me so great—the front office, the players, everybody. They've really welcomed me, made me feel like I'm wanted. I really love the team, the guys. That wouldn't be right to say I want to be traded.

SPORT: People are predicting you'll hit 50 or 60 homers by playing in the Kingdome. What do you think?

MITCHELL: I'll hit a ton. Coaches and managers all over the league are telling me, "You're gonna hit 61." But I'm just gonna let it flow. I've had some injuries since the 47 homers, so I'd kinda like to finish what I started.

SPORT: Which is?

MITCHELL: To do what no man has.

SPORT: What's that?

MITCHELL: Hit 62 [homers].

SPORT: Are you in shape to do that? You look 10, 20 pounds heavier than last year.

MITCHELL: This ain't fat; it's muscle.

SPORT: You'd have trouble convincing Al Rosen of that.

MITCHELL: Like I said, Al Rosen's a smart man. He traded me to a place I couldn't hurt the Giants. The Mets and Padres didn't, and I came back to hurt them.★

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THE PLAYERS SOUND OFF

BASEBALL POLL

BASEBALL PLAYERS MAKE MILLIONS OF DOLLARS AND THEY STILL CARE ABOUT THE GAME

BY WILLIAM LADSON

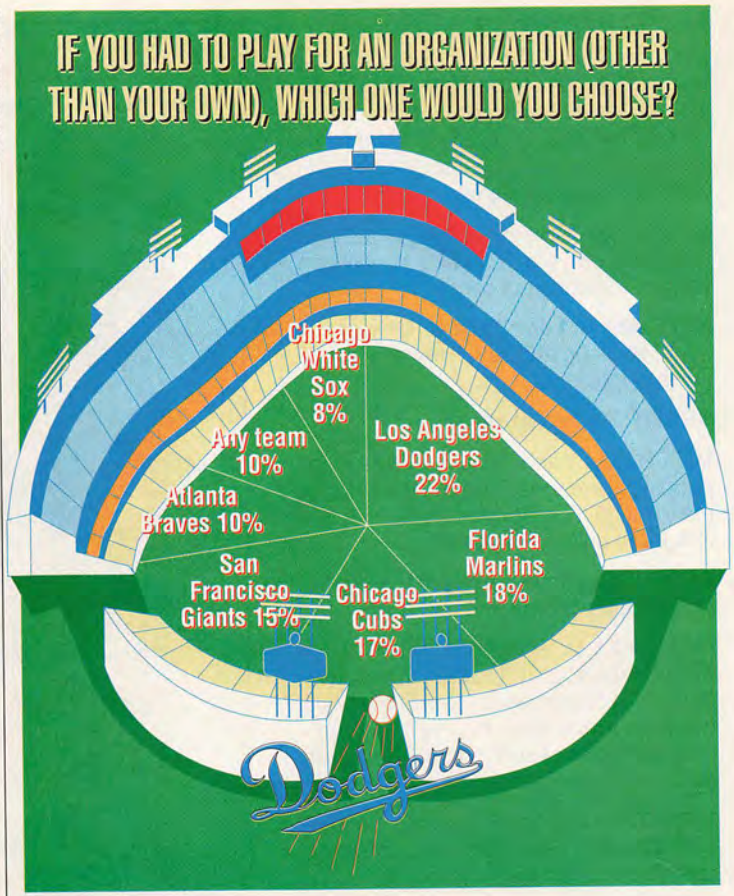
Everything is rosy for baseball players. Salaries are skyrocketing. Players such as Bobby Bonilla and Ryne Sandberg are making more than $25 million. And it can go even higher after the 1992 season when Barry Bonds and Cal Ripken Jr. become free agents.

But the money could run out within a year, when the Collective Bargaining Agreement expires along with the huge television contracts that allowed the owners to pay these enormous salaries. With that in mind, SPORT wanted to know what major-league players had to say about that and other important questions facing baseball today.

We sent 25 writers to interview six players on each club—156 in all—to find out what the players think about a possible strike, umpires, expansion and other issues.

What did we learn? For one thing, these athletes have plenty to say.

TRACY CALVERT-JANTZ


IF YOU HAD TO PLAY FOR AN ORGANIZATION (OTHER THAN YOUR OWN), WHICH ONE WOULD YOU CHOOSE?
Chicago White Sox 8%
Any team 10%
Los Angeles Dodgers 22%
Atlanta Braves 10%
Florida Marlins 18%
San Francisco Giants 15%
Chicago Cubs 17%
Dodgers

Should the fans vote for the All-Star teams?

63% Yes

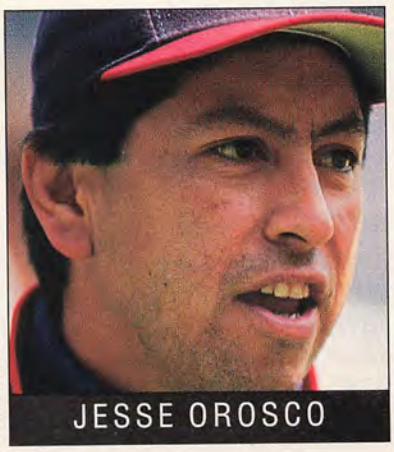
37% No

KEVIN CONRAN

What do you think of interleague play in the major leagues?

For interleague play	42 percent
Against interleague play	58 percent

"I'm against interleague play because the two leagues are vastly different. The Senior Cir-



JESSE OROSCO

BOB ROSATO

cuit is a faster league with better fundamentals, while the American League teams just try to outscore each other."
—Jesse Orosco
pitcher, Milwaukee Brewers

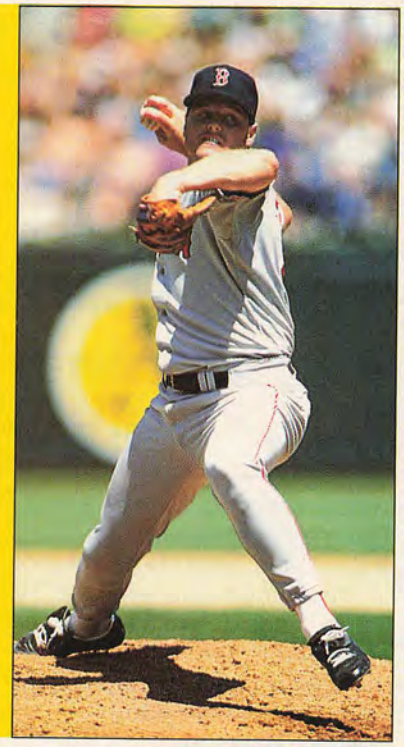
"We shouldn't consider interleague play. Part of the mystery and excitement of the World Series is matching talent vs. talent from the different leagues."
—Rick Wilkins
catcher, Chicago Cubs

"I would like to see the Oakland A's play the San Francisco Giants. I think those teams would generate more revenue with that kind of rivalry."
—Mike McFarlane
catcher, Kansas City Royals

Who do you think is the best pitcher in baseball?

Roger Clemens	50 percent
David Cone	6 percent
Nolan Ryan	3 percent
Jose Rijo	3 percent
Bret Saberhagen	3 percent

(20 other pitchers received votes)



OTTO GREULE JR./ALLSPORT USA

TOM DiPACE

Should Fay Vincent allow Pete Rose back into baseball?

Yes	77 percent
No	17 percent
Not sure	6 percent

"Rose should be back in baseball. He corrected his way of life. It's not like he committed murder. He was the top hitter in baseball. So how can you stop a guy with that type of career from going to the Hall of Fame? Hell, killers are out of jail in three or four years."
—Ricky Jordan
first baseman, Philadelphia Phillies

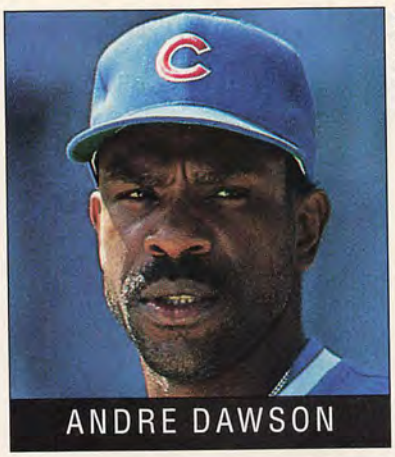
"[Rose] should be reinstated. He paid his dues. They let guys with drug problems back in the game. Steve Howe is the perfect example. He's more of a detriment than Pete Rose."
—Jamie Quirk
catcher/infielder, Oakland A's

"A lifetime ban should be just that. Too many athletes are getting second and third chances. However, Rose should be elected into the Hall of Fame. His stats speak for themselves."
—Scott Bailes
pitcher, California Angels

Do you foresee a strike after the Collective Bargaining Agreement expires in 1993?

Yes	41 percent
No	36 percent
Don't Know	23 percent

"There will probably be a strike. The major issue will be salary stabilization. I see the end of a lot of these huge salaries if the TV money goes down. If history repeats itself, the talks between the players and owners will go down to the last minute."
—Andre Dawson
outfielder, Chicago Cubs


ANDRE DAWSON
RON VESELY

"I foresee a work stoppage. TV will have a major impact because that's where the owners feel they get the majority of their revenue. Without that same type of package, the owners will be unwilling to pay the huge salaries."
—Larry Andersen
pitcher, San Diego Padres

"I don't foresee a strike. I would hope we are able to sit down with the owners and learn from past mistakes."
—Willie Wilson
outfielder, Oakland A's

RON VESELY

Who is the biggest hot dog in baseball?

Rickey Henderson	40 percent
Barry Bonds	6 percent
Deion Sanders	3 percent
Pascual Perez	3 percent

(27 other players received votes)

Do you think umpires consider themselves bigger than the game?

Yes	40 percent
No	60 percent

"For the most part, umpires do a fine job. Sometimes they let their authority get carried away in a ball game."
—Mitch Williams
pitcher, Philadelphia Phillies

"I think most of the umpires are good, down-to-earth guys. However, there are a couple of them who don't have a high tolerance level, and they let you know that they are running the games, just like the police."
—Darrin Jackson
outfielder, San Diego Padres

"It's hard to say if umpires are bigger than the game. I feel if you give them respect, they will return the favor."
—Greg Hibbard
pitcher, Chicago White Sox

RON VESELY

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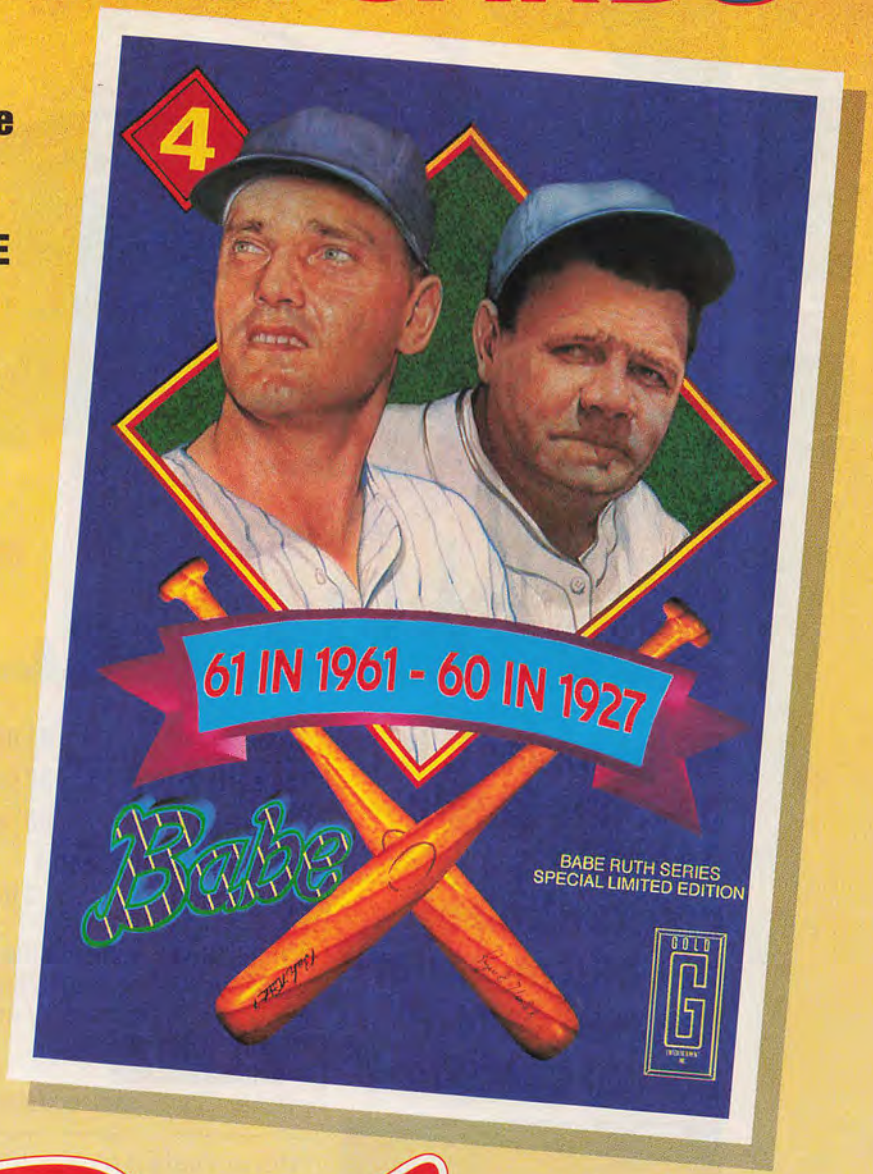

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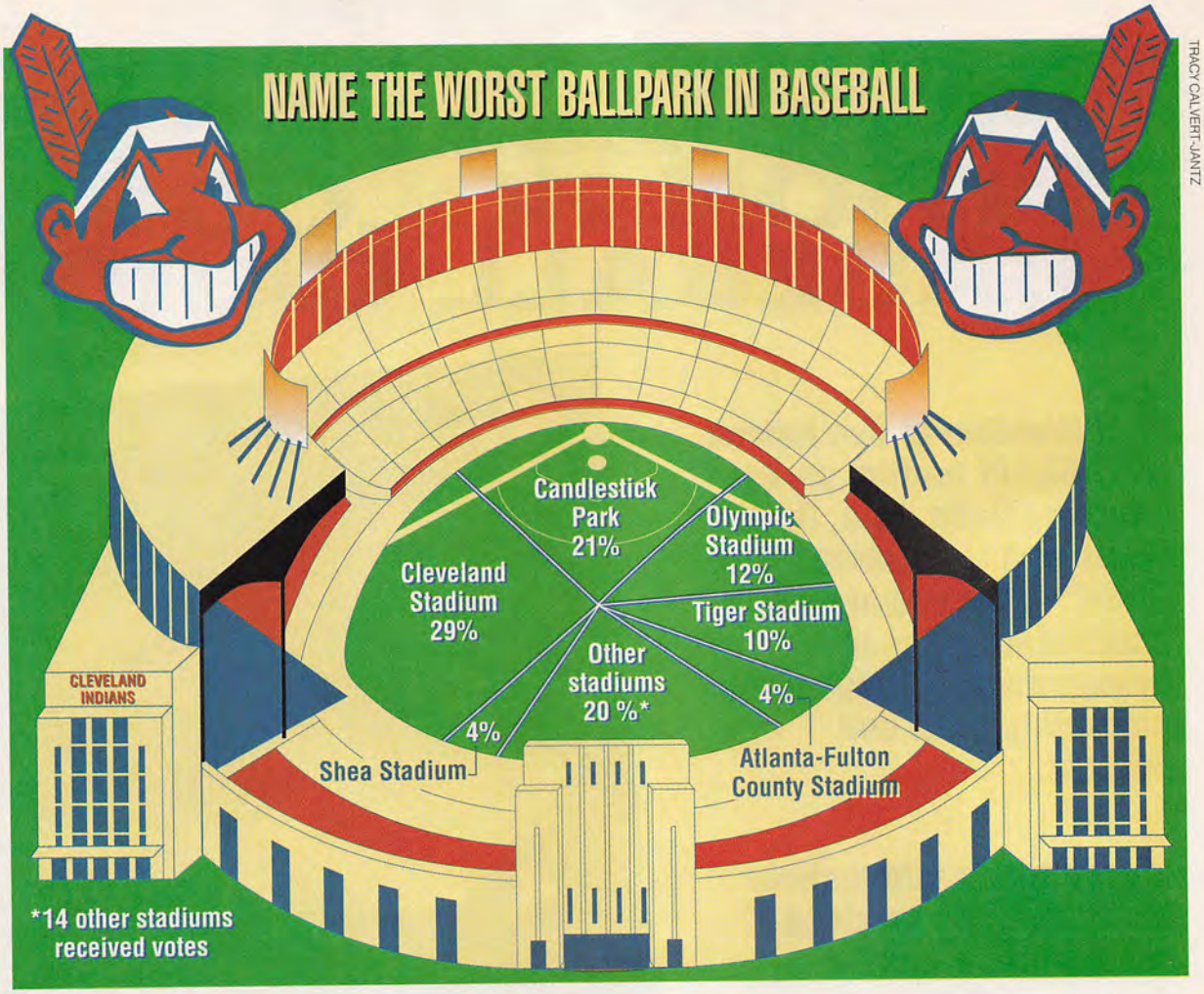


TRACY CALVERT-JANTZ

What impact, if any, has Magic Johnson's contraction of HIV had on major-league players' sexual behavior?

ANDREW D. BERNSTEIN/NBA PHOTOS

Great impact	41 percent
Too early to tell	32 percent
No impact	25 percent
I'm married. It doesn't apply to me	2 percent

"I think Magic Johnson opened a lot of eyes in the major leagues. No one will think they are too mighty to get HIV."
—Mike Jackson
pitcher, San Francisco Giants

"I'm not sure if Magic Johnson will have an impact on baseball players. I'm sure that we'll see players be more conservative when it comes to choosing their sexual partners."
—Mike Harkey
pitcher, Chicago Cubs

"I'm married. I don't have to worry about [HIV]."
—Steve Sax
second baseman, Chicago White Sox

Should a pitcher win the MVP award?

59% Yes 41% No

KEVIN CONRAN

If I Owned a Major League Team...

The players say that, as owners, they would have a better relationship with the players. Labor disputes have generated bad feelings between the two parties, and it could get worse. There's a possibility of a strike or a lockout in 1993. Money will be the main issue. The owners are looking to stabilize the salary structure, while the players are attempting to make bigger bucks.

So how do you avoid a shutdown? The players have some ideas.

"If I were an owner, I would look long and hard at what direction baseball is going and then decide how that direction would benefit the players and owners," says Boston Red Sox pitcher Danny Darwin.

"Instead of waiting until the last minute, I think there should be more honest and true negotiations in 1992 before the Basic Agreement comes to an end," says Larry Andersen, relief pitcher for the San Diego Padres.

Major-league veterans say that they would like owners to give younger players more respect.

"If I were an owner, I would start showing respect to younger players before they reach the arbitration table," says an Atlanta Braves pitcher who requested anonymity. "They shouldn't be treated like idiots who can't think for themselves."

"I think the arbitration process is great," says Mariners closer Mike Schooler, "but [the owners] create so much animosity and try to stick it to the players during their first three years in the league. The owners could improve that relationship and have mutual respect for years to come."

Improving labor relations isn't the only course of change players would pursue.

"If I were an owner, I would try to get a grip on the salary structure before it gets out of hand," says Philadelphia pitcher Ken Howell. "Don't get me wrong, I think it's great that baseball players are making big money. But when is enough going to be enough?"

"If I were an owner, I'd want to have better control of my own destiny," says A's pitcher Rick Honeycutt. "As it stands now, you've got to agree with what the other 25 owners want to do in baseball. It's not like that in most businesses."

"I would get rid of AstroTurf," says Joe Girardi, a catcher for the Cubs. "It shortens too many careers. Every stadium should have a grass field."

—William Ladson

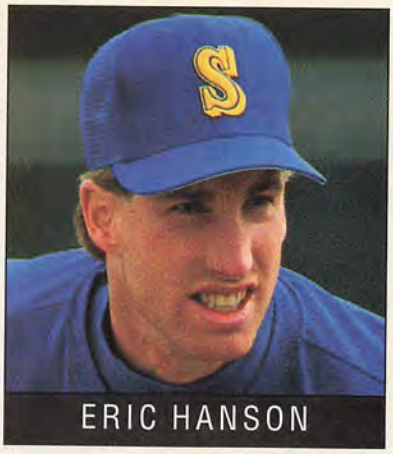
CONTRIBUTING WRITERS: Jeff Blair, Bob Berghaus, Bob Brookover, Jim Caple, George Castle, Bob Elliot, Gerry Fraley, Chris Haft, John Harper, Sean Horgan, Rick Hummel, Paul M. Johnson, Dick Kagel, Kevin Kernan, Ron Kroichick, Mark Langill, Paul Meyer, Joe Minster, Carrie Muskat, Jack O'Connell, Vern Plagenhoff, Ken Rosenthal, Bob Sherwin, Joe Strauss, Mike Terry

Does a player have the right to renegotiate a contract?

Yes	**33 percent**
No	**67 percent**

"I don't believe players should renegotiate contracts. There are economic advantages and disadvantages to signing a long-term deal. The advantage is security, but it can also become overshadowed by the salaries that are increasing every year. If you have a subpar season, you're not going to be rewarded monetarily without a long-term deal."

—Eric Hanson
pitcher, Seattle Mariners



OTTO GREULE/ALLSPORT USA

ERIC HANSON

"I don't think a player has a right to renegotiate a contract unless the club comes to him. If you have a long-term deal and the salaries go up the next season, that's your tough luck. You have a lot of money anyway."

—Jim Lindeman
outfielder, Philadelphia Phillies

"I think a player has the right to renegotiate a contract because some players are underpaid—like me."

—Ozzie Guillen
shortstop, Chicago White Sox

Who do you think is the best player in baseball?

Barry Bonds	26 percent
Cal Ripken Jr.	13 percent
Kirby Puckett	10 percent
Rickey Henderson	6 percent
Ryne Sandberg	6 percent
Barry Larkin	5 percent
Ken Griffey Jr.	4 percent
Jose Canseco	4 percent

(15 other players received votes)

RON VESELY

Where do you stand on expansion?

A. It will hurt the game, diluting an already thin player base	5 percent
B. It will benefit the game, providing more jobs and TV markets	85 percent
C. It will have little or no impact on the game	6 percent
D. No comment	4 percent

"Expansion [gives] the enjoyment of the game to fans in Denver and Miami. Expansion allows players to be motivated and extend themselves. People say that the talent won't be good in two years. You'll see the game develop surprising stars like Tom Candiotti and Dave Stewart."
—Jim Gott
pitcher, Los Angeles Dodgers

"I don't buy that expansion will dilute the game. The talent got better when the Blue Jays and Mariners came into the league."
—Mike Devereaux
outfielder, Baltimore Orioles

RON VESELY

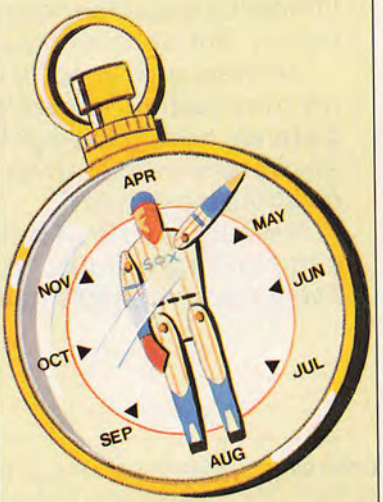
MIKE DEVEREAUX

"The reason you hear the word 'dilute' is because the experts said the same thing 15 years ago when the Blue Jays and the Mariners game into the league. But look what happened. The talent got much better. The Blue Jays started winning division titles before we knew it. Besides, there are plenty of guys in triple-A who could play in the majors."
—David West
pitcher, Minnesota Twins

Do you think the baseball season is too long?

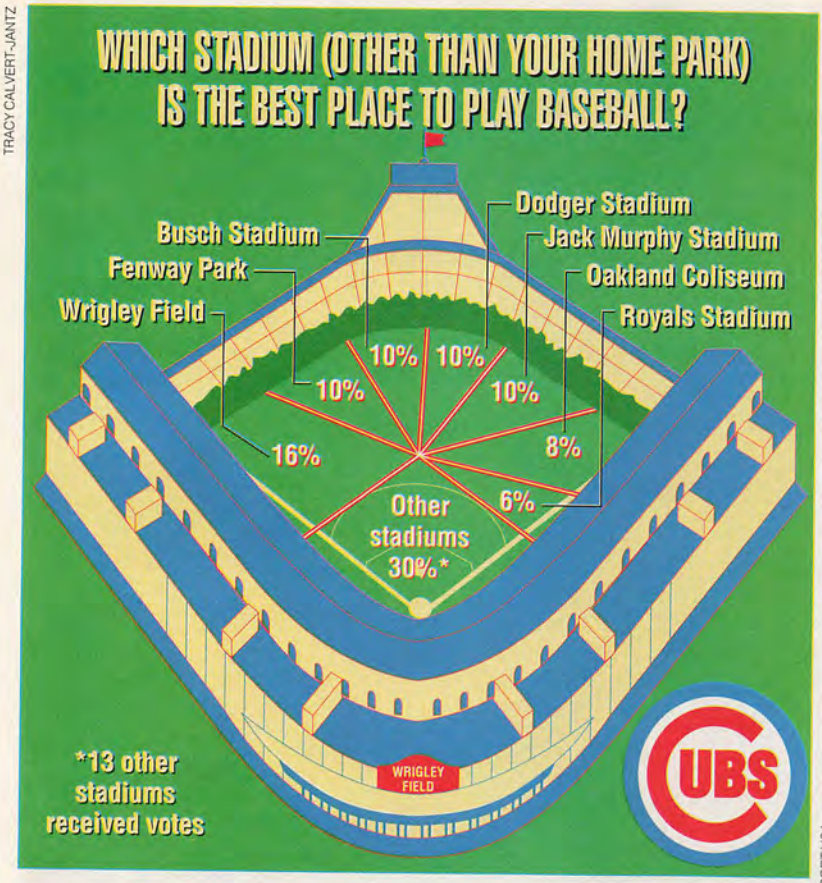
55% Yes 45% No

(93 players responded)



KEVIN CONRAN

TRACY CALVERT-JANTZ



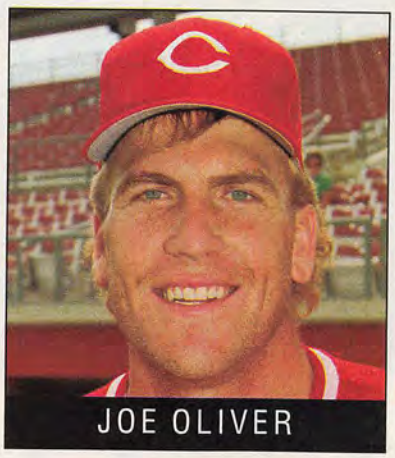
What is your position on potential realignment of the divisions?

A. Swap particular teams within the current four-division setup	25 percent
B. Establish three-division alignment in each league	7 percent
C. Leave things as they are	60 percent
D. No comment	8 percent

"I guess I'm a traditionalist. I like things as they are. I would prefer interleague play in the All-Star Game and World Series. I think people like baseball because of its heritage."
—Dale Murphy
outfielder, Philadelphia Phillies

"I'm against realignment because traditional rivalries have a lot of impact on many cities. I love the rivalry between the Reds and Dodgers."
—Joe Oliver
catcher, Cincinnati Reds

RON VESELY


JOE OLIVER

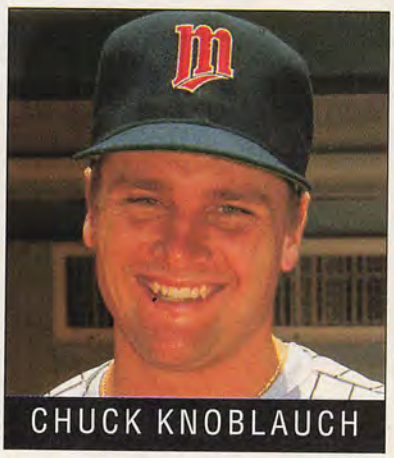
"We should restructure the divisions because of the travel. It doesn't make sense for the Braves and Reds to be in the West. You would get more quality play from athletes if you didn't have such a hectic schedule."
—Rich Rodriguez
pitcher, San Diego Padres

What do you think of the designated hitter? Should the AL drop the DH? Or should the NL adopt the DH?

Like the DH	56 percent
Dislike the DH	44 percent

"The major leagues should keep the DH. The fans come to see an offensive-oriented game. If you allow the pitchers to hit, they will make an out 99 percent of the time. That's boring."
—Chuck Knoblauch
second baseman, Minnesota Twins

KEN LEVINE/ALLSPORT USA


CHUCK KNOBLAUCH

"I think the American League should drop the DH. I think baseball is a purer game when you have pitchers hitting."
—Mike Schooler
pitcher, Seattle Mariners

"I would keep the DH in the American League but leave it out of the National League. I like the contrast between the two leagues. Besides, the DH keeps the older players in the game."
—Dave Magadan
infielder, New York Mets

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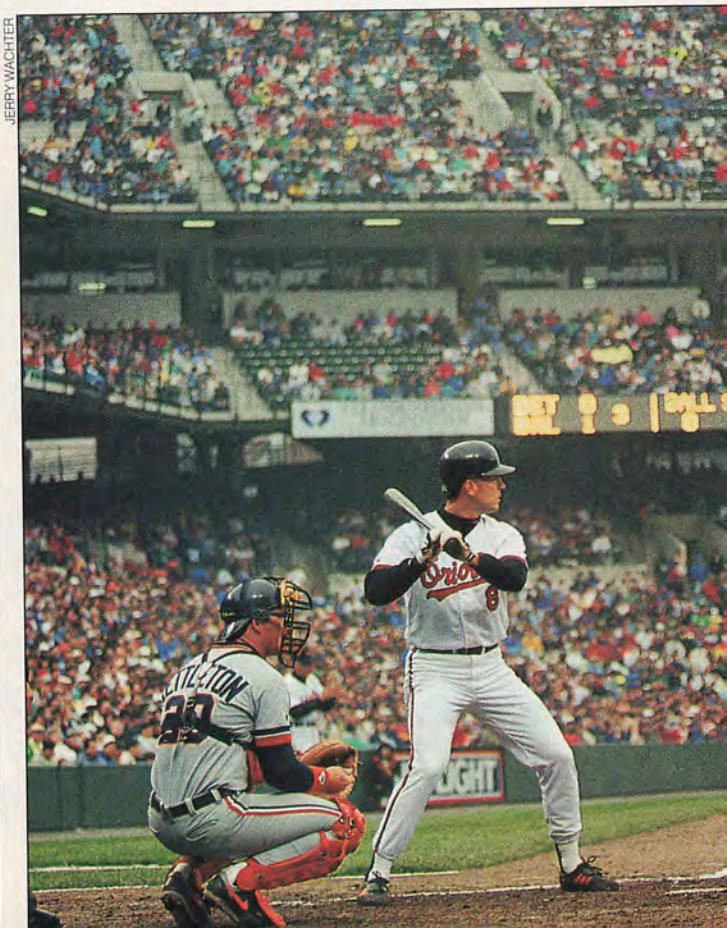

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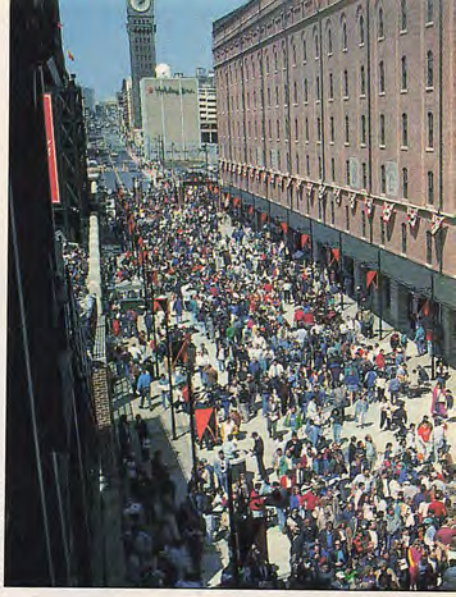
MIXING A MODERN DESIGN WITH THE FLAVOR OF EARLY BASEBALL, CAMDEN YARDS IS A PARK FOR THE YOUNG TO EXPERIENCE AND THE OLD TO SAVOR.

ORIOLE PARK CAMDEN YARDS

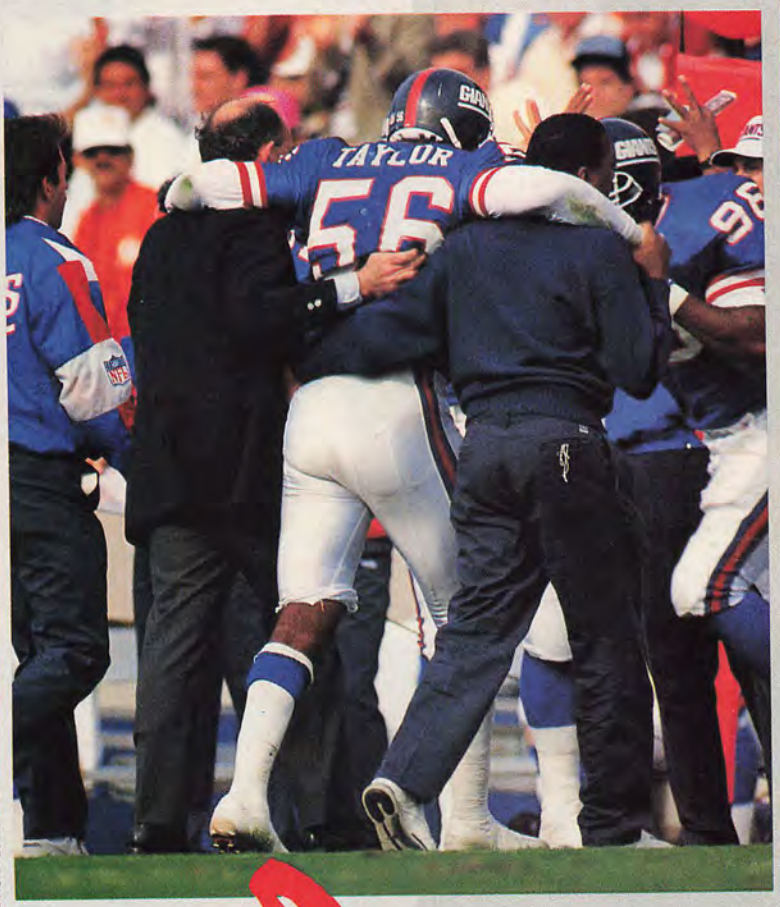


JERRY WACHTER

GREG PEASE

JERRY WACHTER

THE PRICE OF PLAYING



RON VESELY

Paid For In Flesh and Blood, Pain is the Major Cost of a Professional Sports Career

BY ROBERT BRODY

"Damn this knee," thought Mark Bavaro. "Damn this [bleepin'] knee!"

As the 6-foot-4, 245-pound Bavaro braced to block a Buffalo Bill during Super Bowl XXV in January 1991, the New York Giants' veteran tight end hurt like hell. As usual.

"Mark has played with pain ever since I've known him," says Don Hasselbeck, a former Giants teammate. "In 1985, I remember seeing him in the locker room in training camp. He had blisters twice the size of quarters all over both his feet. Nobody I know could have played with those blisters. He's simply unbelievable when it comes to pain."

The Bavaro medical file brings to mind an embattled cartoon character that, repeatedly dynamited to pieces, persists in coming back to life. Bavaro sustained a fractured jaw in 1986, so he played with his jaw wired shut. An injury to his left knee led to major reconstructive surgery in January of 1990, yet Bavaro rumbled tanklike through the following season. En route to the Super Bowl, he racked up 393 yards on 33 receptions, tying for the team lead with five touchdowns, despite unremitting flare-ups in his ravaged left knee.

Bruised and battered, Bavaro nevertheless played till the final gun as the Giants squeezed out a 20-19 victory over Buffalo to win the NFL championship. The six-year veteran came away with his second—and certainly hardest-earned—Super Bowl ring.

That Giants team was a living monument to the "no pain, no gain" ethos, and Bavaro stood highest on the pedestal.

"If I had to choose an all-star team for pain," says Dr. Allan Levy, associate team physician for the New York Giants, "Mark Bavaro would be my captain."

Then Levy makes you wince as he recounts Giants war stories, the casualties and their injuries. Veteran linebacker Carl Banks had major surgery for a dislocated wrist and returned to play with the injured parts held intact by pins and sheathed in a cast. Lawrence Taylor mixed it up in the middle with a severely pulled hamstring. Tackle John "Jumbo" Elliot competed with a fractured left leg, running back Rodney Hampton with an acutely sprained ankle, cornerback Reyna Thompson with a dislocated thumb and shoulder, wide receiver Odessa Turner with a damaged knee, and kicker Matt Bahr with a sprained neck.

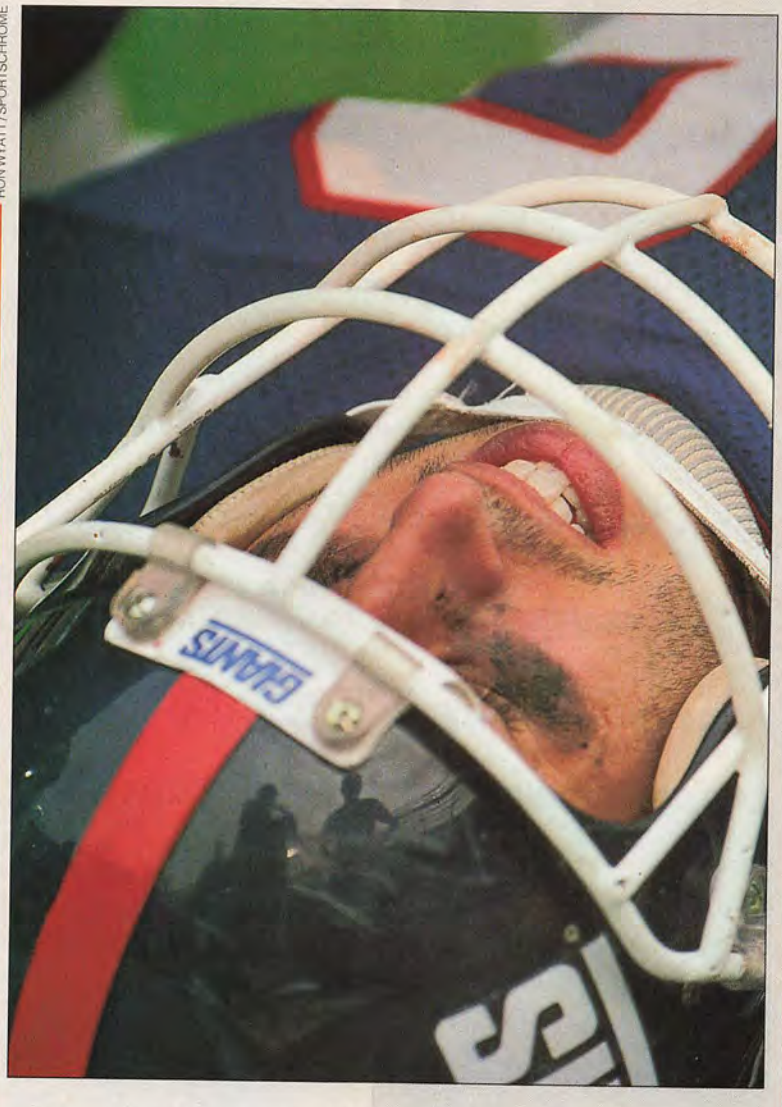
"In my experience, the Giants have never played so well while being so badly banged up," says Levy, a primary care physician with a private sports-medicine practice in New Jer-

sey. Levy has served the Giants as a team physician for 16 years, long enough to see a whole lot of hurting going on. "The Giants had a very high rate of injury in 1990. We might not have had the best natural talent in the NFL, but the guys played hurt. And that made all the difference."

Few traditions in sports are as hallowed as that of the athlete who competes despite profound pain. Think of Joe Namath hobbling to the line of scrimmage. Or of Mickey Mantle with his scarred, buckling knees mummified in tape. Or of Muhammad Ali sustaining a fractured jaw in the first round of a heavyweight bout against Ken Norton, then hanging on for 12 rounds only to lose by a decision. Think of the Los Angeles Dodgers' Kirk Gibson, gimpy but game, stepping to the plate in the first game of the 1988 World Series with his team down by a run, with two outs and one man on base in the bottom of the ninth, and stroking a game-winning home run.

To tough it out certainly has its rewards for an athlete. For starters, a career in professional sports goes by in a blink. The average career in Major League Baseball lasts approximately five to six years; the standard tenure in the NFL and the NBA runs only 4½ years. Nursing an injury too long can quickly win an athlete a one-way ticket back to obscurity.

RON WYATT / SPORTSCHROME



His brilliant NFL career cut short by assorted major injuries and surgeries to his left knee, Mark Bavaro is now playing Mr. Mom to his two kids while his wife goes to law school. Only 29, the one-time prototype tight end hasn't run any pass patterns since being released by the Giants last summer.

Playing hurt is a matter of pride for most athletes, whose identities are largely derived from athletic prowess. Accepting pain is an affirmation of the desire to feel physically invincible.

There are external factors too. The team owner, the general manager, the head coach and the diehard fans insist that the bloodied and broken athlete nevertheless get out there. Playing hurt is perceived as heroic.

On the flip side, succumbing to pain invites hostility from management, teammates and fans. The athlete is labeled a faker, or worse—a sissy, a crybaby. Consider the attitude of Red Auerbach, the long-time GM of the Boston Celtics: "There are guys today who stay out a month with injuries that our old guys used to play with."

Bill Walton, formerly of the Portland Trail Blazers, knows that line. During a game in 1978, Walton's left foot was injected with anti-inflammatory medication by the Portland team physician. The 6-foot-11 center limped onto the court to play 15 more minutes, but an unrelated pain forced him to leave the lineup. X-rays later revealed that he'd broken his foot.

Of course, many professional athletes understand that pain is a warning that

something's wrong. Most can sense the all-important difference between pain that simply hurts and pain which may signify an injury in the making.

"Athletes are better at detecting and interpreting pain than many non-athletes," says Dr. Joseph Estwanik, a North Carolina sports-medicine specialist. "They also understand that pain is a form of communication—it's how your knee can talk to you."

Unfortunately, confessing to pain is almost taboo in the athletic community. As psychologists point out, the basic code of conduct in sports militates against complaining about pain, much less acknowledging it. The hidebound macho ethic dictates that athletes suffer in silence.

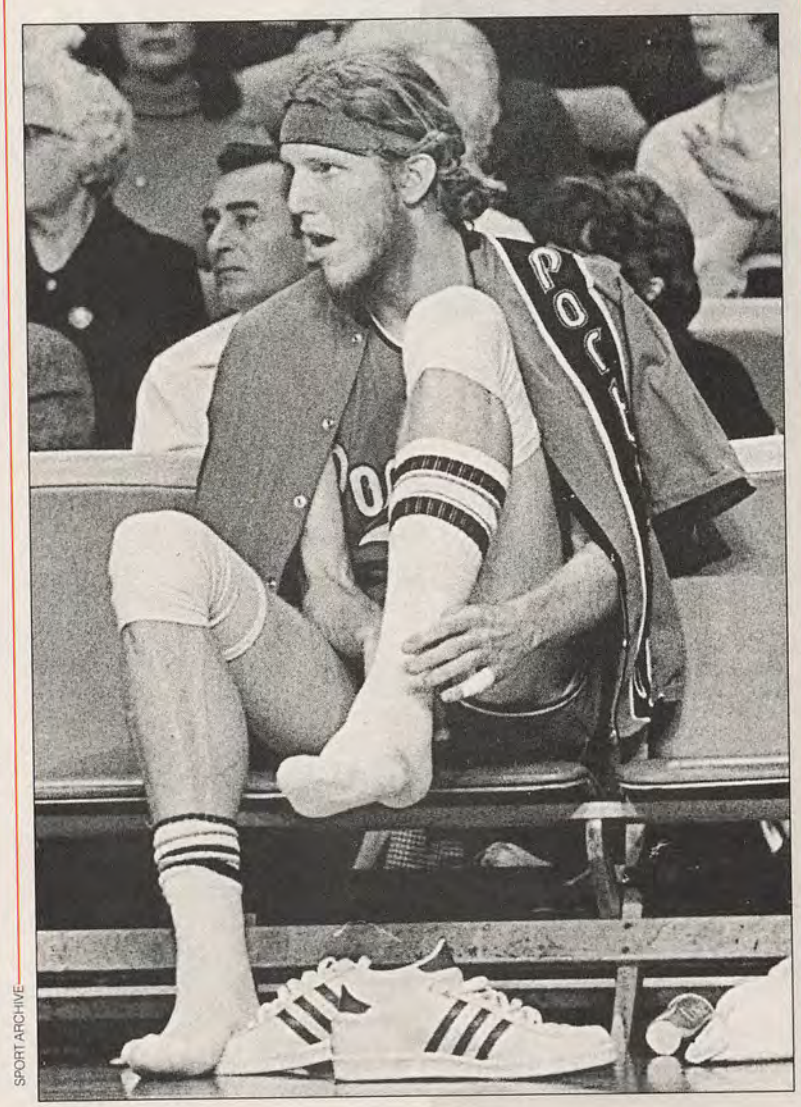
"Elite athletes seldom complain about pain," says Harvey Dulberg, who holds a doctorate in sports psychology. "If you ask an athlete if pain is bothering him, he'll most likely say, 'No, I ignore it; I know it'll go away. I'll ice it; it'll be OK.' They'll do whatever they can to make light of it. Athletes actually feel that they get points for playing in pain."

According to Dulberg, athletes adapt to pain with an array of psychological defenses. Athletes may deny its presence or deny that it's very bothersome.

Unlike most people, an athlete may decline to discuss pain, clamming up with teammates, trainers and physicians. The athlete may suspect that he has little to gain and much to lose by reporting his pain to a physician. But the longer an athlete plays hurt without consulting a physician, the higher the risk of serious injury. Pain borne in silence can mortgage his future. He may leave injuries untreated and skip surgical procedures that could extend his career.

The ultimate payback for pain willfully ignored for too long is a lifetime of disability. "The surest way to end your athletic career," says Dr. David Spiegel, professor of psychiatry at Stanford University, "is to systematically underestimate or ignore the severity of your pain."

First, the right side: Bill Walton injured his ankle three times, his foot and hand twice, his Achilles, kneecap and pinky once each. Now, the left: He fractured his leg and injured his foot, arch, knee and wrist. Any wonder that he was robbed of five full seasons and never fulfilled his promise in his NBA career?



SPORT ARCHIVE

As Dr. Robert Kerlan, a preeminent sports orthopedist, has observed, "The pain threshold is unusually high among superstar athletes."

Do athletes withstand pain better than non-athletes? Maybe so, says a study conducted by Dallas psychologist Matt Jaremko. The research compared female basketball, field hockey and track participants with female non-athletes. Conclusion: "Athletes in general have higher pain tolerance and thresholds."

What seems to count most is context. Performing for high stakes, whether a Super Bowl ring or

simple survival, can create an otherwise unattainable tolerance of pain. "Out in the thick of competition when his reputation is on the line, even if the athlete should be in agony, he might not feel the pain at all," says Dr. Colin Stokol, director of the pain-management program at Centinela Hospital Medical Center in Inglewood, California. "Under normal circumstances, the athlete would probably feel the same pain as anyone else."

A cheering crowd can, in effect, drown out the voice of pain. Athletes in action are similar to soldiers in combat who, despite serious injury, keep fighting. One study showed that about 65 percent of soldiers felt no pain on being wounded in battle.

Dr. Sri Dhar Vasudevan, immediate past president of the American Academy of Pain Medicine, offers an example: "A soldier with a leg blown off by a land mine can crawl for two days to camp without feeling the pain. But when he gets to a hospital for an injection, he screams from the needle. How we perceive pain has to do with the value or significance we assign to it."

In the effort to treat an athlete in pain, the physician confronts a dilemma: How do you treat a patient who won't acknowledge pain? And if he does, how do you deal with it in practical terms when it's such a subjective matter? We're discussing *feelings*

Mickey Mantle did not properly rehabilitate his right knee after tearing ligaments in the '51 Series, and today he is paying for the naivety of a 19-year-old. He has difficulty walking after sitting a spell, and he experiences pain after 18 holes of golf.

AP/WIDE WORLD

here. And while the broken bone on an X-ray is evident enough, the pain involved is impossible to quantify.

According to John Liebeskind, professor of psychology at UCLA and former president of the International Pain Foundation, many physicians continue to believe in the need to tangibly verify the presence of pain. They believe that pain exists only if a diagnostic test such as an X-ray says it does, and that all "true" pain should be traceable to a discernible physical abnormality.

Leibeskind says that physicians who insist on a recognizable cause of pain before taking seriously complaints about it inadvertantly mismanage and undertreat pain. As a result, some physicians either intervene too late, misdiagnose the pain or treat it inappropriately. The pain may graduate in status from acute to chronic.

Also at issue in the debate over pain is whether team physicians are ever in direct conflict of interest. On one hand, a team doctor oversees the health of players; on the other, he may encounter pressure from his employers to keep those players in action. The players themselves often want to see action regardless of pain or serious injury. "The team physician is in an intrinsically problematic situation," says Stanford's Spiegel. "He is responsible not only to

the patient but to the team as well."

Whether to let athletes play hurt or not is a troublesome question for many team physicians. "Getting caught in the middle, between player and management, can end up creating extra demands for a team physician," says Dr. Thomas Rizzo Jr., co-director of the Sport Medicine Center of the Mayo Clinic. "An athlete may tell a team physician about his pain but not [tell] his coach. But when the physician tells the coach that the athlete is in pain, the coach may say, 'He never told me about that.'"

How can physicians scientifically justify the decision to place an injured athlete either on the disabled list or back out on the playing field? "Too many of us go by our gut feelings," says Rizzo. "Some doctors will say, 'He wants to play; he's a good kid; let him go ahead,' without considering or commenting on his medical condition at all. It's not very scientific. We should develop more objective criteria for whether a hurt athlete can play."

By all accounts, an athlete should always feel free to seek medical attention for pain without concern about reprisals and be free to make an informed decision about his fate. "An athlete wants you to provide information on which he can make a judgment," says Levy. "An athlete may say to me, 'I can deal with this pain if I'm not going to endanger myself with a permanent injury.' He will deal with pain if you assure him that he will not hurt himself by continuing to play.

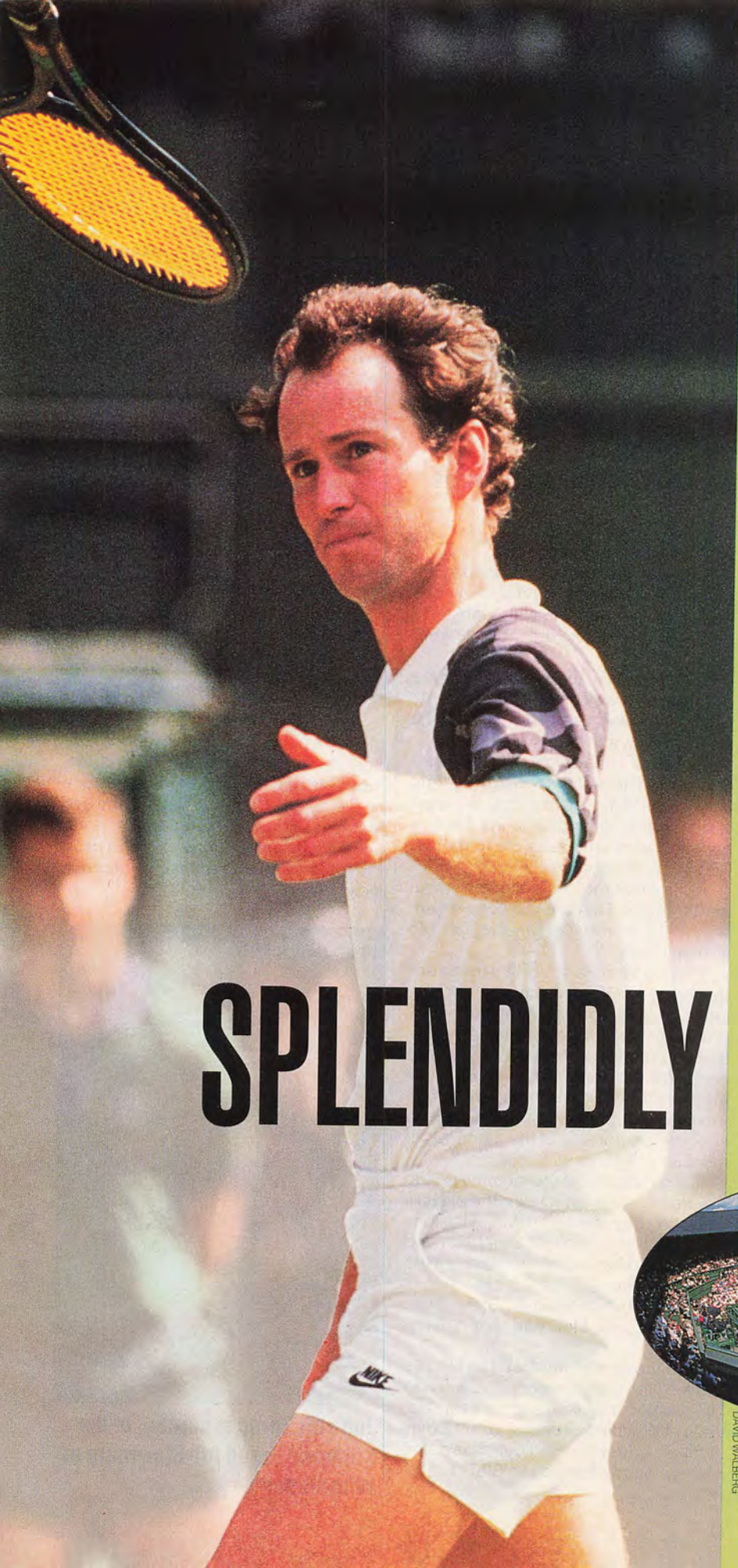
"But sometimes the physician may have to make that decision for the athlete," Levy continues. "If I feel strongly that an athlete will put himself in jeopardy by playing, I will tell him so. We've had to say to players: 'Hey, you better sit out this game or the rest of the season, or it's probably time for you to retire because it's not safe for you to play in so much pain. You could hurt yourself seriously enough to be crippled for the rest of your life.' We have also gone to management when an injured athlete wanted to take the field, and said, 'Listen, so-and-so is not capable of playing.'"

And this brings us back to Mark Bavaro. Yes, he toughed it out and claimed a second Super Bowl victory. It would be his last game. Within a month, he underwent extensive reconstructive surgery on his left knee. He was cut last summer during training camp, and now, at the age of 29, Mark Bavaro's pro football career is over.★

KEVIN FITZGERALD

Joe Namath recently had both knees surgically replaced, a procedure necessitated by advanced arthritis compounded by injuries during his 13-year NFL career. He can walk without much pain, but jogging is another story.

Robert Brody is a freelance writer from New York who has written about health for *GQ* and *Esquire*.



BOB MARTIN/ALLSPORT USA

SPLENDIDLY WICKED

WIMBLEDON IS A LOT MORE THAN STRAWBERRIES AND CREAM—IT'S SCANDAL, ROYALTY AND GREAT TENNIS

The essence of Wimbledon? That's an easy one.

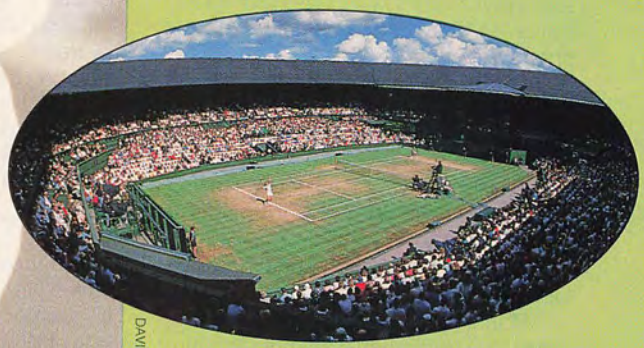
Wimbledon is a headache.

This nugget of insight was imparted to me as I was eavesdropping on a conversation between two British fans waiting out a rain delay on Centre Court last summer. One was recounting, with great relish, a thrilling Wimbledon match he and his wife had watched a few years back.

"We had a headache from the excitement," the man bragged.

There you go. For the British, that's the ultimate compliment. The more exciting and grand the event, the more splendid the headache, and Wimbledon is an absolute skull buster. The best headache is tennis....

From the excitement and the boredom, from the heat and the rain, from the beauty of the hydrangeas and geraniums and the splendor of the grass, from the filthy language of the players and the excruciating polite-



DAVID WALBERG

BY SCOTT OSTLER

DAVID WALBERG

Wimbledon's courts are exquisitely groomed, yet there are always complaints.

ness of the officials, from the alternating character assassination and hero worship of the tabloids, from the sweet strawberries and granite scones and great tennis.

If you do the two weeks of Wimbledon, as a player or fan, and don't come away with a memorable, spectacular headache from some or all of the above, you've blown the experience.

There are any number of cracking good headaches you can collect as treasured memories of Wimbledon, such as:

THE SEX HEADACHE

The instant a Wimbledon entrant sets foot on British soil, he or she is scrutinized and dropped into one of two categories: a player whose game is suffering from too much love life, or a player whose game is suffering from not enough love life.

This sorting is not performed by amateur psychiatrists but by trained experts—147 sweaty, ferret-like tabloid sportswriters named Clive.

In 1987, defending champion Boris Becker was upset in an early round. Was it his serve? His ground strokes? His net play? Don't be silly.

"Too Much Sex Beats Big Boris," screamed the banner headline in the *Sun*.

Which explains why Wilt Chamberlain never won Wimbledon.

"Boris," the *Sun* said, "had been ordered to keep away from his ravishing 22-year-old girlfriend during the Championship. But the lusty German defied his manager and sneaked away from practice for nights of passion."

Last year's Wimbledon leaned to the have-nots. Martina Navratilova was fresh from her bust-up with long-term pal Judy Nelson, and the tabloids went on red alert.

Lurid details of the relationship were provided, as well as Martina's heart-wrenching plea: "I am on my own for the first time now, and it's hard."

Steffi Graf was also lonely. How lonely? She bought herself a wedding ring. And she bemoaned: "I go to a club and want to dance, but nothing happens. I look at a man, and no one asks me to dance. Why? I'm normal, aren't I?"

It's not that the English are preoccupied with sex. They are just nosy in general, which is probably why they get into so many wars.

Playing Wimbledon is like being abducted by a UFO—you are snatched up into a beam of blinding light, intimately probed and examined by strange beings, then returned to earth dazed and frightened. Wimbledon isn't Centre Court as much as it is Centre Couch. In tennis, the Brits subscribe to the Yogi Berra Theory—90 percent of the game is half mental.

Those who resist the intimate prying pay dearly. Year after year, the players who open themselves up during the fortnight of Wimbledon spill their heart and guts in the press interview room, are the ones who win.

The Sigmund Freud All-Stars: Martina, Boris, John McEnroe, Jimmy Connors.

And those who fight it? The classic case is Ivan Lendl, who has chosen to hide behind a cynical and sarcastic facade at Wimbledon and who, in 12 tries at tennis' most coveted cup, has come away as empty-handed as Steffi Graf at a disco.

THE GRASS HEADACHE

Wimby is the last major tennis tournament played on grass, and the players agree that the grass is too fast, too slow, too slippery, too dry, too bumpy and too grassy.

It is the grass that gives the tournament so much of its unique character. The 18 courts are groomed like exquisite putting greens. Each morning, groundskeeper Eddie Seaward mows the courts to the precise height of one-quarter inch, then stands back and watches as spoiled, ungrateful tennis stars treat his grass like dirt.

"The courts are too slow," I heard one female player complain to Seaward's predecessor.

"It'll give you time to think, won't it?" he replied cheerily. And as we all know, the leading cause of headaches is thinking.

THE UGLY AMERICAN HEADACHE

Every year, America sends to Wimbledon a planeload of whiny, egomaniacal, arrogant, disrespectful, foulmouthed players, and the English love us dearly for it. The American louts and loutesses add badly needed spice and color to the Championships and keep the tabloids aflame with self-righteous indignation.

SIMON BRUTY ALLSPORT USA

John McEnroe is captain of the Sigmund Freud All-Star Team at Wimbledon.

Wimbledon fans sometimes stand five hours in a ticket line. Sometimes they're ankle-deep in mud.

DAVID WALBERG

Connors and McEnroe are the all-time favorites. They've mellowed now, but Connors will still make the occasional crude gesture, just for old times' sake, and McEnroe—did I say he mellowed?—came to Wimby last summer talking about how he had his emotions under control, then cursed like a sailor's parrot at every person in a green sport coat.

Mac picked up a $10,000 fine for appraising the work of one linesperson thusly (as noted in the official report): "Good —ing call, you son of a —ing —! You —ing report me after the match is over and I'll —ing...."

And so on.

Andre Agassi delivered the supreme insult to Wimbledon when he simply didn't enter the tournament three years in a row.

It's always fun to try to guess which bratty American will most offend the tender sensibilities of the stuffy Brits. This year's smart money will be on McEnroe, who, like fine milk, seems to sour with age, and Jennifer Capriati, who shows promise of becoming a female Bart Simpson.

THE ANGUISH OF THE ENGLISH HEADACHE

The Brits know tennis, but, bless their hearts, they can't play the game.

The last Englishman to win Wimbledon was Fred Perry back in '36, when the men wore long pants. Now they wear long faces.

The top Brits trot out eagerly every year and immediately lose to a gangly teen-age qualifier from Ecuador, then duck as the English fans and press spend the next two weeks heaping abuse and scorn upon their heads. A lovely tradition.

THE MEDIA HEADACHE

London has the world's most sophisticated newspapers and the world's sleaziest, and you are not well-informed unless you have a headache from trying to read everything. The stuffy *London Times* and the *Independent* feature solid reporting, bordering on poetry. The tabloids? Their idea of hard news? If there's a coal-miners' strike, the day's Page 3 topless model is wearing a lantern helmet.

Last year, the tabs devoted the entire fortnight of Wimbledon to two projects: one, elevating Agassi to the status of sainthood because he actually showed up, wore a white outfit and didn't spit at any umpires (when Andre trotted over to check on a ball girl who twisted an ankle, the incident was played up in the tabs as if Agassi had performed lifesaving CPR on the Queen Mother); and two, speculating on why Monica Seles pulled out of the tournament at the last minute. The tabs reported that Monica was either injured, sulking, pregnant ("Wimblemum?"), dead or, ugliest rumor of all, partying with Donald Trump.

THE SPECTATOR HEADACHE

The typical Wimby fan stands five hours in a ticket queue (British for "line" and pronounced "q"), often ankle-deep in mud; dashes onto the grounds and tries to find a general-admission seat at a decent match (the tickets to Centre Court having been snapped up years ago by rich snobs); prays that the day's tennis won't get rained out (until this year, there were no rain checks); dines on greasy fish 'n' chips and overpriced strawberries and scones that feel as

RUSSELL CHEYNE/ALLSPORT USA

The London tabloids are a scream, often sensationalizing the insane.

BOB MARTIN/ALLSPORT USA

The Royal Box is usually loaded with Princesses, Duchesses and Lords.

if they have been mined rather than baked; is insulted by the players (last year, Pancho Arraya was fined $1,000 for telling a female spectator to "shut the — up, you ugly —."); is scolded by the chair umpire for overcheering ("Quiet, please!"); sees some tennis if he's lucky; and walks a mile back to the subway station and heads home, bragging about his headache.

THE ROYALTY HEADACHE

The guest list in the Royal Box on Centre Court for one typical day of last year's tournament included two Princesses (one, the radiant Diana), two Duchesses, an Earl, a Countess, a Field Marshal, a Vice Admiral, a Second Sea Lord and assorted Lords and Ladies. You never see Bob Uecker in the Royal Box.

The oppressively stuffy presence of royalty requires that fans on Centre Court maintain a certain decorum, and that can give you a headache.

THE FICKLE FINGER OF FATE HEADACHE

Because of Wimbledon's prestige and aura, no other tournament wreaks such havoc on the emotional stability of the players. Lendl has practically devoted his life to the futile (so far) pursuit of a Wimbledon cup.

And how about Boris Becker? Wimbledon has never had a nobler warrior than Becker, but last summer the tournament turned on him like a heartless mistress.

Boris apparently had gotten that freight-train libido thing under control since 1987, having reached the finals each of the next four years and having won in '89. Centre Court was his home, his church, his battleground.

Ah, but Agassi was the big story last year, the hot new attraction. Wimbledon officials were so enraptured by Andre's march to the quarterfinals— and his box-office appeal— that they began putting Agassi's matches on Centre Court, at the best times.

Becker, suddenly a headliner has-been at age 23, was bumped off Centre Court twice and had a third match relegated to a late-afternoon start.

"I've become Wimbledon's forgotten man," Becker moaned.

Boris managed to scrap his way into the finals, but the hard treatment had taken its toll. Against Michael Stich, Boris was a stumbling, mumbling, babbling fool. He screamed at himself, he pleaded with the tennis gods and the Wimby fans ("Can anybody help me play this man?"), he was frazzled and burned out, and Stich later said, "I just got the feeling Boris was out of his mind a bit."

Actually Boris just had a Wimbledon headache.★

Scott Ostler is a Sports columnist for the *San Francisco Chronicle.*

BOB MARTIN/ALLSPORT USA

Andre Agassi finally showed up at Wimbledon after a three-year snub—and didn't even spit on an umpire.

THE BETS OF SUMMER

BASEBALL'S WINNERS AND LOSERS AND OVERS AND UNDERS

When it comes to betting baseball, the best thing you can do is go with the flow.

Last year, I told you about the importance of streaks in wagering on baseball, and the 1991 season provided an excellent example of how the gambler can profit from them.

The best thing about betting streaks is the simplicity. You don't have to know much about a team or its players. All that matters is the recent win/loss column.

Here's all you need to know: If a team wins or loses three in a row, you bet on that streak to continue. Once the streak is snapped, you wait for another team to start one.

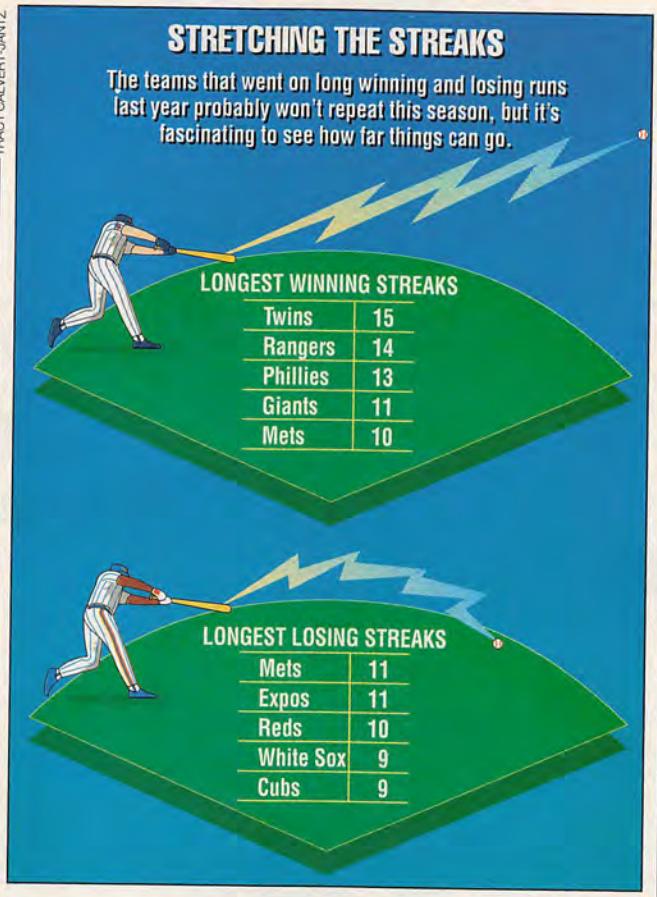
When a franchise wins or loses three games in succession, it indicates that the team is in either a good or a bad groove. Last year, 24 of 26 clubs had streaks of seven or more games. Twenty-one teams had losing streaks of seven or more games, 15 had winning streaks of seven or more games. These are all major-league records.

The Milwaukee Brewers went on two extended losing streaks last year, one lasting eight games, the other seven. In the first stretch, Milwaukee was the favorite in three games.

Let's take a look at how that would have affected a bettor. Keep in mind that the streak isn't established until after the third game. So a gambler would have bet on six games—the fourth through ninth—and lost on the last game, the streak breaker.

In the case of the Brewers, you would have won money on five games. On a hypothetical $100 wager against Milwaukee, you would have won $530 on your winning bets since you were given 5½:5, or $110 to $100, on three of your wagers (the payoff for betting against the favorite), and lost $100 on the streak breaker, for a net profit of $430.

TRACY CALVERT-JANTZ


STRETCHING THE STREAKS
The teams that went on long winning and losing runs last year probably won't repeat this season, but it's fascinating to see how far things can go.
LONGEST WINNING STREAKS
Twins 15
Rangers 14
Phillies 13
Giants 11
Mets 10
LONGEST LOSING STREAKS
Mets 11
Expos 11
Reds 10
White Sox 9
Cubs 9

The beauty of the streak theory is that it happens to the best teams as well as to the worst. For example, the World Series champion Minnesota Twins had a 15-game winning streak— the best in the majors—but also had a seven-game losing streak.

This shows that when a team plays poorly, it does not make a difference who is on the mound. On the other side of the coin, there were some pretty hefty winning streaks to go along with Minnesota's remarkable 15-game string last year.

Honors for last year's best multiple streaker go to the Texas Rangers, who had winning streaks of 14 and seven games, and also chipped in with an eight-game losing streak. Philadelphia topped the National League with a 13-game winning streak.

Two teams didn't join the streaking party: the Orioles and Cardinals. They were the only franchises that didn't have winning or losing streaks that reached seven games.

A new wrinkle to baseball wagering has been the increased interest in bets on the "total," which is the number of runs scored in a game.

Let's say Doc Gooden faces Doug Drabek; the total would be 6½ runs. If the game featured seven or more runs scored, the "over" bettors would collect. Whether the Mets or the Pirates win does not matter; the only concern is the total amount of runs scored. Losing bets on "totals" pay 5½:5, or an additional 10 percent commission on the bet. If you bet a hypothetical $100 on the under of the Gooden-Drabek matchup and the game ended 4-3, you would lose $110.

When handicapping totals, teams that have good hitting and mediocre pitching for long periods will generally have higher-scoring games. The ballpark's con-

BY DANNY SHERIDAN

figuration must also be factored in. Boston's Fenway Park will see higher-scoring games than those played in spacious Busch Stadium in St. Louis. This year, the fences have been brought in at St. Louis and at Houston's Astrodome in the National League and in Cleveland in the American League.

Interestingly, most bookmakers won't take total wagering on games in Wrigley Field due to the impact the heavy winds have on the outcome. If the winds are blowing in, you can't get a ball out of there with a howitzer. But if the wind is blowing out, there are many 10-9 slugfests. It's too unpredictable for bookies.

The oddsmakers are well aware of all the nuances and put up a number that should attract action on both sides. Take into account both the pitcher on the opposing team and the ballpark where they're playing.

Below are last year's best over/under bets in baseball.

TOTALS/OVER

TEXAS—88-61 (12 ties): Great hitting and shoddy pitching got the Rangers the "over" title.

OAKLAND—87-62 (12 ties): Jose Canseco and Rickey Henderson are two of the best offensive weapons in the game. Coupled with last season's collapse of aces Dave Stewart and Bob Welch, Oakland's play generated tons of runs.

BALTIMORE—87-64 (11 ties): Cal Ripken Jr.'s offensive heroics and weak pitching tell the whole story.

TOTALS/UNDER

CALIFORNIA—90-63 (9 ties): Great pitching and no hitting earned the "under" title.

TORONTO—91-71: Terrific arms and a major-league-leading 16 shutouts got the job done.

CLEVELAND—85-63 (14 ties): The Indians lost 105 games and did it by not scoring much.★

Take Puckett and the Twins whenever they're streaking.

RON VESELY

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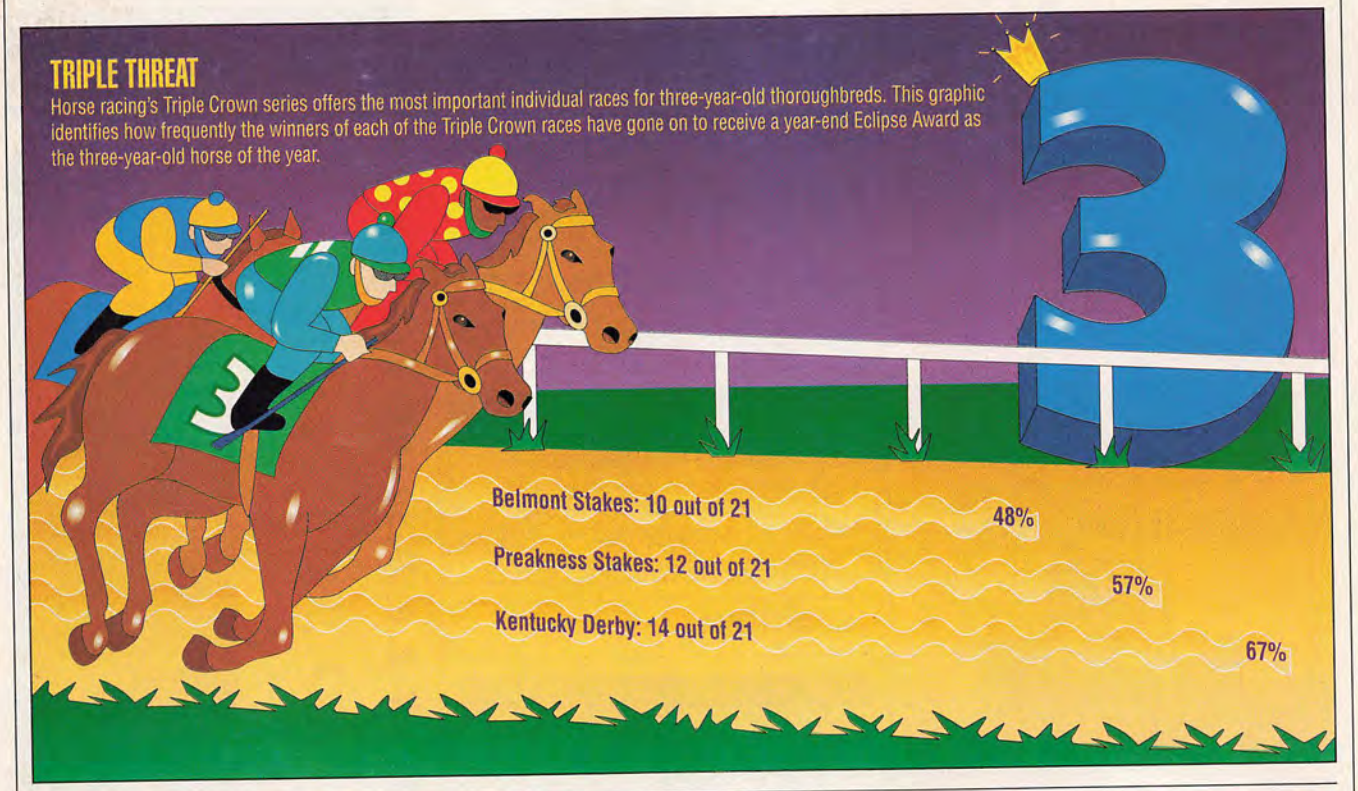
TRIPLE THREAT

Horse racing's Triple Crown series offers the most important individual races for three-year-old thoroughbreds. This graphic identifies how frequently the winners of each of the Triple Crown races have gone on to receive a year-end Eclipse Award as the three-year-old horse of the year.



THE STUFF OF CHAMPIONS

This month's return of the NBA Finals will renew debate over the greatest NBA team ever. Greatness can't be measured; dominance can. This list gives the average points scored and points allowed per playoff game—and the accompanying differential—for each of the last 15 NBA champions during their respective title runs. Last season's Chicago Bulls top the chart (APS—average points scored; APA—average points allowed; D—differential).

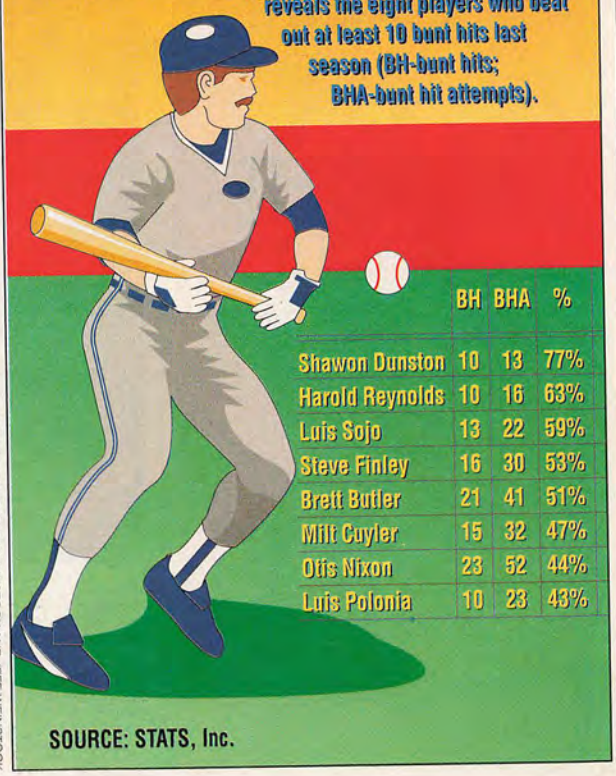
	APS	APA	D
'90-91 BULLS	103.9	92.2	11.7
'86-87 LAKERS	120.6	109.2	11.4
'85-86 CELTICS	114.4	104.1	10.3
'84-85 LAKERS	126.3	116.2	10.1
'88-89 PISTONS	100.6	92.9	7.7
'89-90 PISTONS	101.8	94.8	7.0
'82-83 SIXERS	105.8	99.3	6.5
'80-81 CELTICS	103.4	97.3	6.1
'81-82 LAKERS	115.4	109.4	6.0
'76-77 TRAIL BLAZERS	107.4	102.7	4.7
'79-80 LAKERS	110.6	106.3	4.3
'83-84 CELTICS	110.9	106.7	4.2
'77-78 BULLETS	107.6	103.9	3.7
'87-88 LAKERS	105.6	103.0	2.6
'78-79 SUPERSONICS	104.6	102.1	2.5

CHARTS BY TRACY CALVERT-JANTZ

COMPILED BY STEVEN WEINSTOCK AND JEFF WEINSTOCK

THE BUNT HUNT

Because of its unexpectedness, the bunt single remains among the most exciting plays in baseball. This graphic reveals the eight players who beat out at least 10 bunt hits last season (BH-bunt hits; BHA-bunt hit attempts).



	BH	BHA	%
Shawon Dunston	10	13	77%
Harold Reynolds	10	16	63%
Luis Sojo	13	22	59%
Steve Finley	16	30	53%
Brett Butler	21	41	51%
Milt Cuyler	15	32	47%
Otis Nixon	23	52	44%
Luis Polonia	10	23	43%

SOURCE: STATS, Inc.

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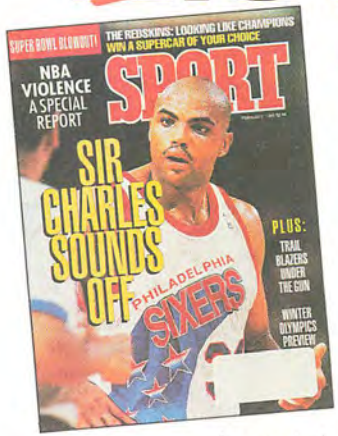

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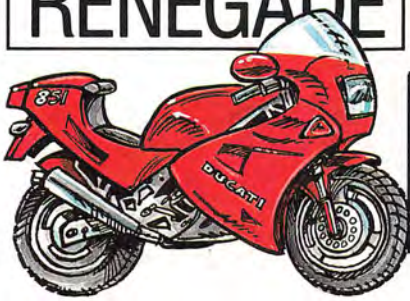

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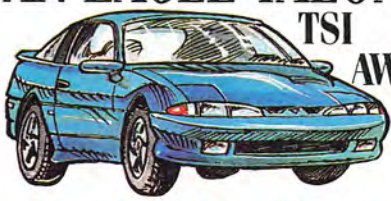

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☐ Menthol or ☐ Non-Menthol

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☐ Filter or ☐ Non-Filter

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☐ Lowest/1 mg Tar
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☐ Light/Mild
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☐ Full Flavor

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☐ Pack ☐ Carton ☐ Both Ways

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___/___/___
Birthdate

Free Lighter Offer good until 12/31/92 or while supplies last. Please allow 8 to 10 weeks for delivery. Only manufacturer's warranty applies. Not responsible for lost, late, misdirected, mutilated or postage-due mail. Offer good only in U.S.A. Consumer Survey Associates lighter offers are limited to one per person regardless of the number of surveys completed. Void where otherwise prohibited, taxed or licensed. Offer limited to smokers 21 years of age or older.

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Moisten here to seal before mailing.

OFFICIAL RULES – NO PURCHASE NECESSARY

1. To enter, complete and sign the Smoker's Survey/Entry Form and mail it to the address indicated on the form. You will receive a free lighter and be entered in the sweepstakes. Limit of one free lighter and sweepstakes entry per person. Only Official Survey/Entry Forms are eligible. Photocopies, facsimiles or other reproductions will not be accepted. To request a Survey/Entry Form, hand-print your name and address on a 3" x 5" card and mail before December 15, 1992, to: Smokers' Sweepstakes Entry Form, P.O. Box 8576, Prospect Hts., IL 60070. Limit: one request per envelope, one Survey/Entry Form per request. **By entering this sweepstakes you certify that you are a smoker 21 years of age or older and a U.S. resident.** Survey/Entry Forms must be received by December 31, 1992. CONSUMER SURVEY ASSOCIATES is not responsible for lost, late, illegible, incomplete, damaged or misdirected mail. All entries become the property of CONSUMER SURVEY ASSOCIATES and none will be returned. 2. A random drawing will be conducted from all completed and signed Survey/Entry Forms on or about February 1, 1993, by an independent judging organization, whose decisions shall be final in all matters relating to this sweepstakes. Odds of winning depend on the total number of eligible entries received. Winner will be notified by certified mail. 3. One (1) Grand Prize will be awarded, winner's choice of the following: (1) 1993 Eagle Talon TSI with all-wheel drive. Approximate retail value: $20,100, (2) 1993 Jeep Renegade. Approximate retail value: $20,000; (3) Ducati 851 Sport Superbike. Approximate retail value: $12,500 plus $8,000 in cash; or (4) $20,000 cash. The vehicle prize will be delivered through a dealer near winner's home. Any federal, state or local taxes, insurance, registration, title and licensing fees are the sole responsibility of the winners. Prize substitutions or transfers not allowed. The selected prize is guaranteed to be awarded. By entering, winner agrees that CONSUMER SURVEY ASSOCIATES shall have no liability in connection with the acceptance, operation or use of the prize awarded. CONSUMER SURVEY ASSOCIATES makes no express warranty, guarantee or representation of any kind concerning the prizes and disclaims any implied warranties or merchantability of fitness. 4. Grand prize winner will be required to sign and return an affidavit of eligibility and a liability/publicity release within 21 days of prize notification (first attempted certified mail delivery) or an alternate winner will be selected. By entering, winner agrees to the use of his/her name and/or likeness in connection with promotion activities or advertising relating to the sweepstakes without further notification, permission or compensation, except where prohibited by law. 5. Employees of CONSUMER SURVEY ASSOCIATES, its affiliates, subsidiaries, distributors, advertising and promotion agencies, other agents, and their immediate families, are not eligible. All federal, state and local laws and regulations apply. VOID IN MICHIGAN, MASSACHUSETTS, AND WHEREVER ELSE PROHIBITED. 6. For the name of the Grand Prize winner, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope after December 31, 1992, to Smokers' Sweepstakes Winners List, P.O. Box 8419 Dept. PS, Prospect Hts., IL 60070.

Please detach and keep rules for future reference.

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Win season tickets for any team through the year 2000.

Grand Prize (1) Season tickets for two to the professional baseball team of your choice through the year 2000.

First Prize (5) A one week trip for one to any of 22 major league-sponsored Baseball Fantasy Camps, including airfare, hotel, meals, and ground transportation.

Second Prize (25) A Video library of five classic baseball movies: "Field of Dreams", "The Natural", "Bull Durham", "Eight Men Out", and "Bang the Drum Slowly".

Third Prize (400) A unique, sporty "J&B At Home" baseball cap.

OFFICIAL RULES–NO PURCHASE NECESSARY

1. Place "scrambled" portion of game piece behind decoder on game display at participating retail locations to reveal secret message, or you can send for a free decoder. For a free game piece, rules and decoder, while supplies last, write to: J&B REQUEST, P.O. BOX 7132, MELVILLE, NY 11775-7132. Requests must be received by 8/1/92. **2. If secret message reveals the words "Grand Prize", you win the Grand Prize; if the words "First Prize" are revealed, you win a First Prize; if the words "Second Prize" are revealed, you win a Second Prize; if the words "Third Prize" are revealed, you win a Third Prize. All others will reveal "Enter Second Chance." To claim a prize: Grand or First Prize winners, sign your winning game piece, retain a photocopy and mail game piece for verification, along with your name and address, via Certified Mail, return receipt requested to: J&B WINNER, c/o Nat'l Judging Inst., Inc., 100 Marcus Dr., Melville, NY 11747. All other winners follow directions above, but mail via First Class mail to: J&B AT HOME WINNER, P.O. Box 7301, Melville, NY 11775-7301. Prize claims must be received by 9/1/92. Allow 4-6 weeks for prize shipment. Any official game piece or other game materials forged, mutilated, or tampered with in any way, containing printing or other errors or obtained through unintended channels is automatically void. Decisions of Nat'l Judging Inst., Inc., an independent judging organization, are final. No responsibility assumed for lost, misdirected, illegible or late entries or mail. No more than listed prizes will be awarded. Although it is intended that no more than the listed number of winning game pieces will be distributed, if for any reason, such as a printing error, the number of winning game pieces received for any one of the prize levels exceeds the number listed for that level, those prizes listed will be awarded in a random drawing from among all winning game pieces received for that level. 3.** Prize values and odds: Grand Prize (1): Est. total retail value $20,000–1 in 9,523,000; 1st Prize (5): Est. retail value $3,000–1 in 1,904,600; 2nd Prize (25): Est. retail value $250–1 in 380,920; 3rd Prize (400): Est. retail value $10–1 in 23,808. Odds of winning any prize–1 in 22,095. **4.** Unclaimed prizes will be awarded in a 2nd Chance Random Drawing conducted by Nat'l Judging Inst., Inc. To enter, handprint your name, address and zip code on a 3"x5" paper and mail to: J&B 2nd CHANCE, P.O. Box 7280, Melville, NY 11775-7280. Enter as often as you wish, but each entry must be mailed separately and be received by 9/1/92. Odds of winning a 2nd Chance prize depend on number of prizes claimed and number of entries received. Winners will be notified by mail. **5.** Prizes nontransferable; no substitutions allowed, except as specified. Limit one prize per individual or household. If season tickets are unavailable for team of Grand Prize winner's choice, a cash alternative will be awarded for that season. Transportation not included in Grand Prize. If a 1st Prize winner is younger than 30 yrs. old, the prize will be awarded as $3,000 cash. 1st Prize is subject to availability and must be taken by 6/1/93. Winners may be required to verify address or execute an affidavit of eligibility and release within 14 days of notification attempt. Taxes, if any, are responsibility of the individual winners. Sponsor and its agencies assume no responsibility or liability for damages, losses or injury resulting from acceptance or use of any prize. **6.** Open to U.S. residents who are at least 21 years of age as of 6/1/92. Employees and their families of The Paddington Corporation, its subsidiaries, affiliates, licensed alcoholic beverage wholesalers and retailers, advertising agencies, printers and Don Jagoda Associates, Inc., are not eligible. Void in TX, UT and wherever else prohibited. Subject to all federal, state and local laws. **7. For a list of major winners, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to: J&B WINNERS LIST, P.O. Box 7275, Melville, NY 11775-7275.**

XX SEC. 00 ROW 0 SEAT

THE AMAZING J&B BASEBALL GAME

To find out if you've won just bring this ticket to any store with a J&B baseball display.

WIN INSTANTLY!

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Chevy S-10 Tahoe 4x4. The biggest V6 engine you can get. Take on any mean street or unforgiving back road with Chevy S-10 Tahoe 4x4. Its big, 4.3 Liter Vortec V6 kicks out 160 horses at* 4000 RPM. Nail it, and you know it's hammer time. Chevy S-10 Tahoe. Strong. Tall. Proud. Chevrolet. The trucks you can depend on. The trucks that last.

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